

CANADIAN TRAILS



ELDRED G. F. WALKER

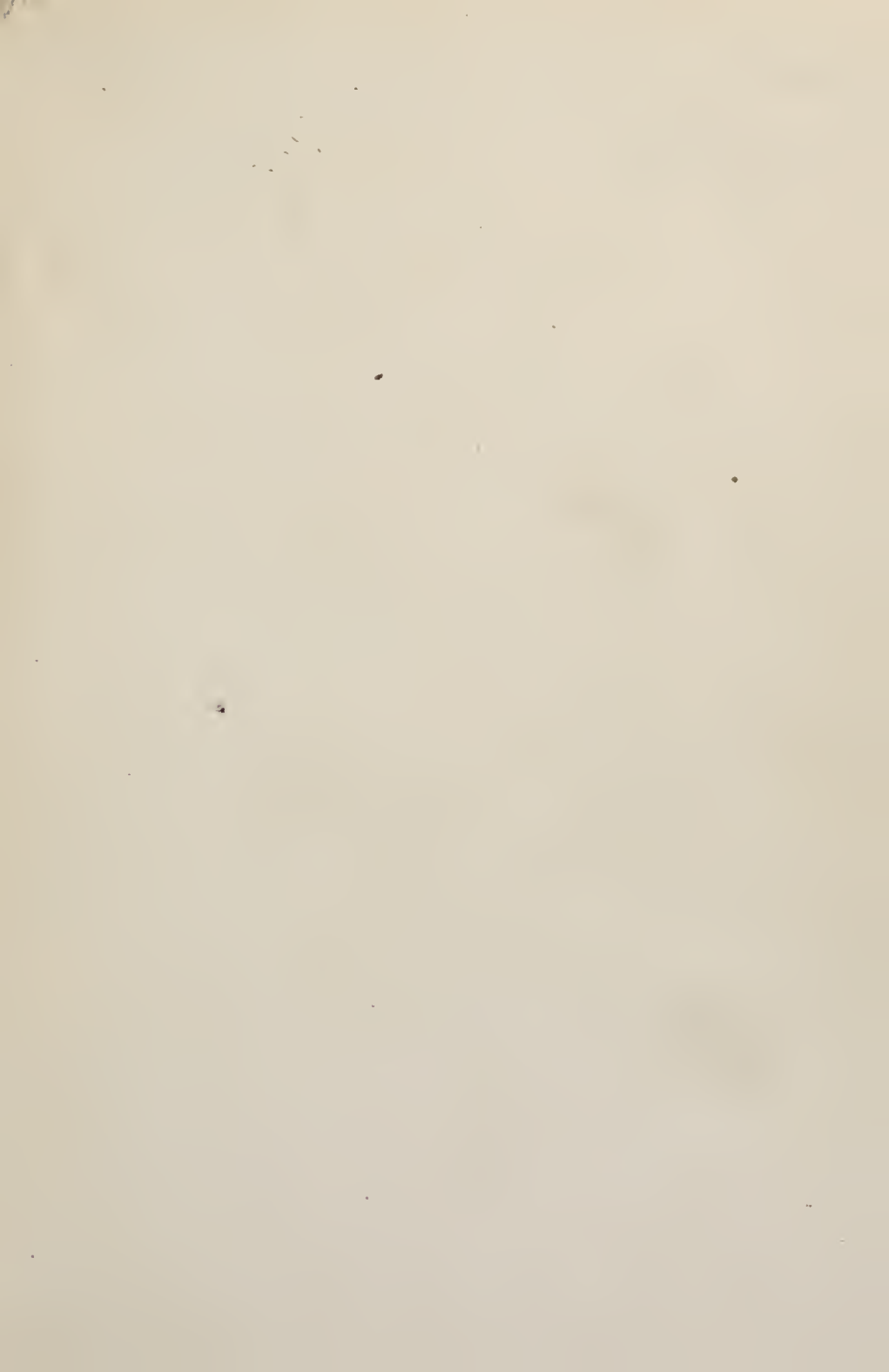
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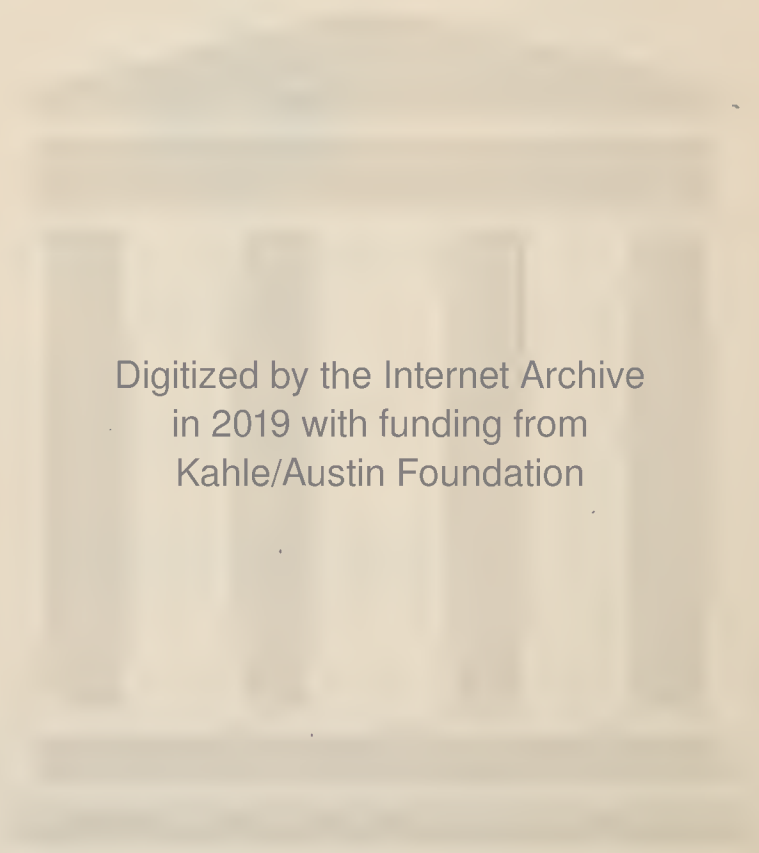


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CANADIAN TRAILS



*Principal Murray, of Saskatoon University, expounding
his scheme of education to the author.*

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CANADIAN TRAILS

Hither and Thither in the
Great Dominion

BY

ELDRED G. F. WALKER
("North Somerset")

With Twenty-five Full-page Illustrations

TORONTO
THE MUSSON BOOK COMPANY
LIMITED

F5019 .W354

*This edition is intended for
circulation only in Canada.*

BRISTOL, ENGLAND : J. W. ARROWSMITH LTD., QUAY STREET.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

	Page
<i>On board R.M.S. "Empress of Britain," mid-ocean.</i>	
<i>To prepare. Early Experiences. Sunday at Sea.</i>	
<i>Off Iceland. Hunting for icebergs . . .</i>	11

CHAPTER II.

<i>Icebergs and a camera. "Zummerzett Zongs." A</i>	
<i>"hot" spell. In Montreal. The Macdonald College.</i>	
<i>Impressions agricultural. Cereal husbandry .</i>	23

CHAPTER III.

<i>Montreal. On the train to Ottawa. Going south to</i>	
<i>Toronto. Matters agricultural . . .</i>	34

CHAPTER IV.

<i>King Edward Hotel, Toronto. More Old Bristolians.</i>	
<i>The grandeur of the Rapids. Peaches and cream.</i>	
<i>Guelph Training College. Uniform monotony .</i>	43

CHAPTER V.

<i>My fishing expedition. Réveillé, 5 a.m. Trout-fishing</i>	
<i>de luxe. The primeval forest. Back to civilisation ..</i>	52

CHAPTER VI.

<i>Alexandra Hotel, Winnipeg. A mine of information.</i>	
<i>Farming facts. Manitoba College . . .</i>	62

CHAPTER VII.

<i>Saskatoon, Sask. Land transfer. Lessons learned by</i>	
<i>wandering. Building a Prairie University. Prac-</i>	
<i>tical teaching. Visit to a 2,000 acre farm . . .</i>	71

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER VIII.

Page

<i>Ready-made farms. The "Lady Settler." Edmonton and Strathcona. Some agricultural facts. An instance of speculation</i>	83
---	----

CHAPTER IX.

<i>Calgary. At Lethbridge. Examples of enterprise. Some interesting cattle. A breeder's views. An experimental farm. Calgary. The ready-made farm. Meeting a Somerset man. Off to the Rockies. Mountain climbing. At the Great Divide</i>	94
---	----

CHAPTER X.

<i>Realistic Motoring. Twists and Turns. Planning a Cider-Apple Orchard. The Selkirks. Vancouver's Progress. "How's old Bike?"</i>	117
--	-----

CHAPTER XI.

<i>The Beauties of Vancouver. The Turning-point of the Journey. Successful Fruit Growing. The Blue Bird at Vernon</i>	131
---	-----

CHAPTER XII.

<i>Up Kootenay Lake. Farewell to the Rockies. Over the rolling Prairie. Medicine Hat. Indian Head—a Tip to Prospectors. Canadian Souvenirs</i>	146
--	-----

CHAPTER XIII.

<i>Prairie Views. Regina. Publicity Officers. The Poll Tax. Indian Head. Broadview. The Forestry Farm. Leaving the Prairies—Winnipeg to Chicago. Studying Reciprocity</i>	161.
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CHAPTER XIV.

<i>Detroit—and after. Back in Canada. Montreal on Election Day. Quebec. Record Passage. Just what I think at home. A few Impressions. Mixed Farming. The requirements of Canada. Many thanks</i>	175
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LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

<i>Principal Murray, of Saskatoon University, expounding his scheme of education to the author</i>	<i>Frontispiece</i>
<i>Emigrants' Open-Air Service on the "Empress of Britain"</i>	<i>Page</i> 14
<i>The "Empress of Britain" alongside the Docks and Immigration Sheds at Quebec</i>	15
<i>Dominion Square, Montreal</i>	32
<i>Parliament Buildings, Ottawa</i>	33
<i>Tedious work. Professors counting oat spikelets at Guelph</i>	48
<i>Niagara</i>	49
<i>White Fish, Ontario, the coldest spot in Canada</i>	64
<i>Antoine and David at Big Stony Portage, Missanabie</i>	65
<i>Pergola in the Assiniboine Park, Winnipeg</i>	80
<i>Immigrants in the Government Bureau at Winnipeg</i>	81
<i>Mr. Sclanders, Secretary of the Board of Trade, Saskatoon, in his demonstration garden</i>	96
<i>One of the best Clydesdales in Canada. The Hon. W. C. Sutherland's "Perpetual Motion"</i>	97
<i>Three stages of School growth at Saskatoon</i>	112

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	<i>Page</i>
<i>From the back car of the Great West Express . . .</i>	113
<i>A Canadian "rig"</i>	128
<i>Edmonton, New Parliament Buildings from across the river</i>	129
<i>The Champion Dairy Cow of Canada, "Rosalind of Old Basing," and her family at Red Deer . . .</i>	144
<i>Indian Tepee at Lethbridge Fair</i>	145
<i>Lake Louise in the Rockies</i>	160
<i>Edelweiss, a village for Swiss Guides in the Rockies, at Golden, B.C.</i>	161
<i>Hops growing house-high in the Columbia Valley, B.C.</i>	176
<i>Clearing land for polo ground in the Columbia Valley .</i>	177
<i>A Batchelor Girl as Settler (Miss Jack May) . . .</i>	184
<i>Offices of "The Western Daily Press," Bristol . . .</i>	185

CANADIAN TRAILS.

CHAPTER I.

On board R.M.S. "Empress of Britain," mid-ocean. To prepare. Early experiences. Sunday at sea. Off Iceland. Hunting for icebergs.

How oft we have been present at those little farewell scenes, sending away or bidding good-bye to someone bound for another land! In Sweden a pretty custom prevails of handing bouquets of flowers that are hung around until the recipients appear as though they are dressed in flowers.

As times are getting hard in England, who of us can tell whether ours may be an emigrant's lot? Sometimes men return the fortunate possessors of great wealth, others remain where they went. A letter or two home and then the correspondence ceases. What has become of those who crossed the seas? Do they ever think of the dear old farm, with the honeysuckle and roses creeping over the windows, of the starling building her nest amidst the decaying thatch of the barn, of the little cottage, with its garden, its flowers smelling ever so sweetly

at morning, noon, and eve? What could have induced Old Jim and his grown-up family to leave? Was it by specious inducements, or by the true hope of bettering themselves? The young ne'er-do-well at home has been heard of doing well elsewhere. At first these were but sayings. It was as the little trickling driblet that falls from the moss-laden rock to form the source of what has become a mighty river, bearing along all kinds with it—the young, the old, but particularly the strong. There must indeed be some inducement.

How often have I been asked, "What is Canada like?" At last I determined to go and see that land of promise myself. Which way should I go? How should I go? There was plenty of opportunity for a personally-conducted tour to see that which it was desired should be shown me. Should I go like this, or should it be, "I don't know, don't care Whither, so long as I get Thither!" Should I be able to turn aside to see an old-time friend? Should I be able to see? Should I map out a programme down to the exact minutes, or should I start not knowing, once I had left the ship, where I should rest my head at night, being hurried along in the train, or in the hotel bed? Well, I just guessed that I meant to see Canada, and set about to do it, and so here, right out on the ocean, I am keen intent to do it.

Months away from home for a busy man, usually minding other people's affairs and trying not to neglect

his own! How was I to shift out of it all? Of course, one must have the essentials, and this naturally leads to various shopping excursions. How the young ladies at the counters became interested when one desired a well-stocked needlecase, a thimble to fit, the buttons, and other etceteras! Having travelled a bit, I know what a superfluity of baggage means, and yet one wants enough of the right sort to be available whilst being received in "Society," and also some when one is doing a bit of camping out alone, when a stiff collar would be an abomination, as it could not possibly be renewed after a rinse out in a spring with the old flat-irons left at home.

Having solved all this, I was to just slip away. But how was I, after having, in a moment of due consideration, accepted an invitation to judge at an important show in England, afterwards to get to Canada without delay? Time-tables, dates of sailings, and berths had to be considered as affording the best opportunity to get away from the West to go still farther West.

Somehow I had a bit of hankering to go Bristol way, but as a friend was coming down from Scotland to Liverpool I made up my mind to go by Liverpool. What a lot of things will come in at the last moment! Even somebody to say the good-bye that he ought to have said a week before. And then in the early hours of Friday morning. It was just a final grip of the hand to that brave little helpmeet every true Briton should have to take care of his home, the

“ta-tas” to the little ones left to think of Daddy when he is away, and off to Pensford Station without delay. The station master was just pointing out the beauties of his geraniums when his eye fell on the labels of my bag. A pretty long “Hither” this time, he said. “No, I think it will be a ‘Thither,’ ” and I was off. At Bristol—well, those Joint Railway officials are always kind. Whilst I chatted to two old pals who had come to see me off, the others had my baggage labelled and safely stored behind.

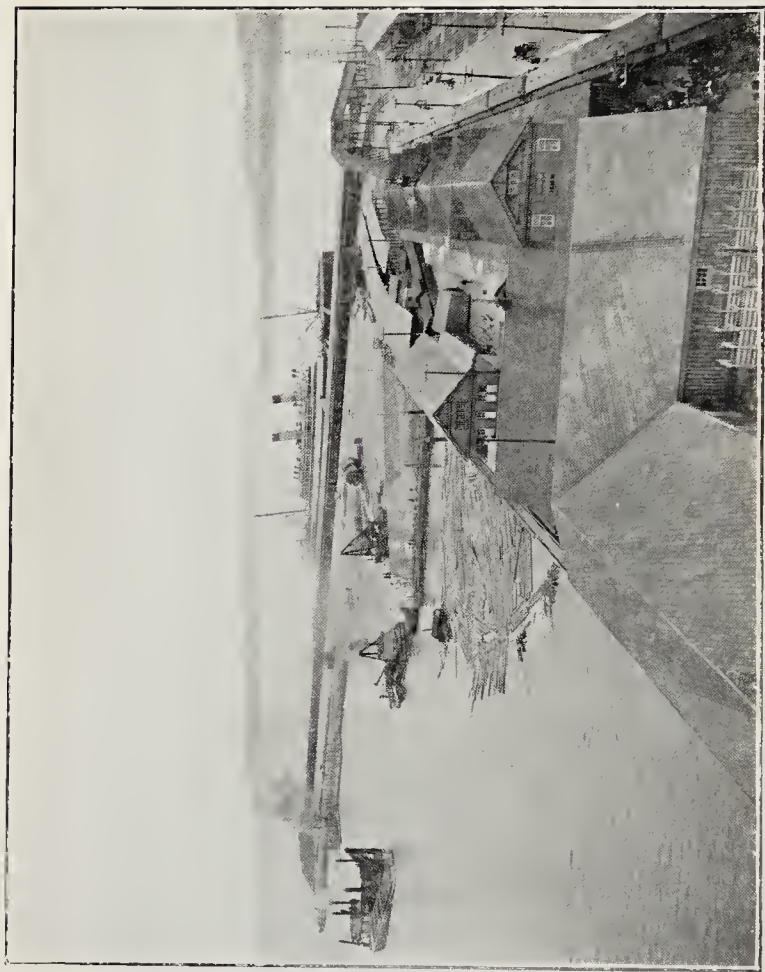
At 9 a.m. we were off. How large Bristol appeared! And somehow it did not look at all bad after we had left the neighbourhood of St. Philip’s. A rumble and a roar, and I was beneath the Severn Sea, out on the other side to cross and recross the winding Wye. Up to the red soils and fruit orchards of Hereford. At Shrewsbury our carriage was detached. A number of ladies were going North; they could not make up their minds to refresh without delay; we poor men had to return to our carriage without a “refresh” at all. But it would be all right. Then one chirruped up, “You should have changed for the ‘diner.’ ”

The reaping machines were busy in some cases, but the majority were in readiness to deal with the remaining fast-ripening corn. The pieces cut showed fairly good crops. Chester already! “About two minutes, sir.” Must not get out.

Still, the travelling was so easy on the Great Western that we appeared to glide rather than run



Emigrants' Open-Air Service on the "Empress of Britain."



*The "Empress of Britain" alongside the Docks and
Immigration Sheds at Quebec.*

to Birkenhead. It was nine o'clock when I left Temple Meads; now it was just past two, and Birkenhead. Someone was there to look after the luggage. He would see it all aboard. As the porters appeared to know him I let him have it. Out of the station a penny toll to cross the ferry. Just as I was doing so a big liner was being towed into the landing-stage. "Must hurry up and get aboard."

And there I met my friend. He was a shrewd, canny Scotchman. I guess I must find "saxpence" for the boy who brought "his bag," which he asserted had been in the family between eighty and ninety years. Scotch folk have such a habit of taking care of things. Soon we were aboard. It was hot. How wonderful it was to see the amount of luggage that passengers brought, and the variety of it. Of what use is a frail, dainty case when in the slings? On, on, the winches worked. "Man, 'tis hot; shall we have a soda and whisky? Not a sup since morn." Steward: "Whisky? Sorry, sir, not yet, before the ship starts." Now if we had only known, we could have run ashore.

Just as we made up our minds to do so the moorings were cast off, and we were gliding down the Mersey on board the Canadian Pacific *Empress of Britain*. Soon old England would fade from view. But we found that the Mersey had a bar to our progress, and that we must indeed wait the turn of the tide. Then we found that there was a tea-room,

and that the cup that cheers went far better than the non-obtainable Exciseable.

How the hours slipped along as we lay in the blazing sunshine ! We admired the beauties of New Brighton, or some other equally celebrated spot on the side of the Mersey. We waved answering handkerchiefs. Then the bugle sounded "Dinner." I don't know which was first, Brother Scot or I, but somehow we just found ourselves sitting down together. The sun was streaming through the portholes ; behind was the glint in the Channel ; the golden haze. Then the anchor weighed, and we were indeed "crossing the bar." The stem of the vast liner was turned nearly north. For awhile we appeared to hug the land ; then the lines became blurred, and away on the horizon were seen big patches of light, indicating where the homes of vast populations were. We took just the last peeps of England and Scotland, and retired for sweet repose.

A farmer cannot sleep "arter hours," so we were up early, very early, to get in the "order of the bath," which we found very essential. Oh, that dabble in the true seawater of the sea ! A brisk walk. We look at the Giant's Causeway on the North of Ireland, and think of the fine times we have had there.

Soon Ireland is sinking like a dissolving view. Breakfast, to glance through the portholes to observe a C.P.R. and an Allan liner bound for that "little bit of mud in the middle of a duck-pond," that

attracts the commercial instincts of the earth. Still to the nor'-nor'-west. We were now out in the ocean, a floating habitation, from which nothing was to be seen but water and sky ; and yet how changeful were the deep green of the waters, the bluish grey of the sky. We appeared to drink in the pure life-giving air. A sense of exhilaration followed, and then a feeling of somnolence. We must sleep ; we cannot help it. But we do stave it off for luncheon. What is that beside the menu card ? A neatly-bound paper, the *Empress Mail*. There is the latest news of the day by Marconigram. Lunch over, we must have those forty winks—some in deck-chairs, some in the splendidly-appointed library.

What is that, the tinkle of teaspoons ? Tea over, we stroll forward to join the emigrants. There are the fair-haired ones of Scandinavia, girls unmistakably English, strong young fellows ; there is the mother with an infant wrapped in a shawl in her arms, another tumbling on her lap. The husband holds a sturdy five-year-old by the hand. There is a couple : the well-cut dress of the woman, the air of respectability and refinement, the good quality cloth in the man's suit and the overcoat, indicate that some have taken advantage of that £6 fare, to have something in their pockets to start life afresh, when they get over there. As we glance from face to face, from Scandinavian to Scot, we feel constrained to ask, " Can these be what are so often described as 'emigrants' ? " They are rather a

selected people, chosen much as a farmer would select his seed grain—something of the best. Place them on virgin soil with facilities to live and thrive. Canada undoubtedly is taking of Europe's best.

How orderly everything was on Sunday morning ! A calm ocean—of course, there were ripples, there always are, but there were no waves, no swell. Breakfast over, we were again attracted forward. It was the singing of a Scandinavian hymn. Then the emigrants' service commenced. Hymn-books were served out. There was no man of God to take charge of the service. I have witnessed many services in the finest cathedrals in Europe, and heard some of the finest preachers. The ornateness of the cathedral, its music, its singing, or even more so of a Mass—how do they compare with the sweet simplicity of a service in a little church on the Mendips ! But never have I felt as when I witnessed this service. There was the sun lighting up a child's face to unusual brilliance, and adding a little shadow to the face of that old woman, who held, firmly clasped in her hand, a little bag containing her earthly all. What a mixture of all nations, of varied religions and faiths, all endowed with the unity of one end. There on the swelling bosom of the ocean, with only the sky above them, they poured forth the melody of " Tell me the old, old story." Ah ! what would their story be of earthly home, relatives and friends ?

Next it was our turn of the upper deck, We filed

into the gorgeous saloon, all gold and white. The captain opened the service, and a simple, telling sermon was preached by a clergyman passenger who was aboard—contrasts certainly, even on an Atlantic liner. Then came our luncheon, and the emigrants' dinner later in the afternoon. How the children delighted themselves with the dessert that had been served out to them! In fact, already many a face was looking fuller and fatter.

We learnt that we were somewhere in the neighbourhood of Iceland, and overcoats and wraps were in request. It certainly was a change for us after leaving the "torrid" zones of England. By this time we began to know the geography of the ship, the cosy corners, the idiosyncrasies of various individuals. There were those who came on deck and sat down and never stirred a peg until the bugle sounded for meals; then it was different.

By this time we began to make friends, to chat a bit. I happened to be "neighboured" for a while with Dr. Blow, of Calgary, Alberta. He is an enthusiastic Canadian, who has profited by his perceptive optimism, and argues that others should prosper too. Considering that two years ago Calgary had only 30,000 inhabitants and now totals 60,000, and that he has raised the neat sum of £140,000 in five months to found a university there, and that the largest individual subscription was £5,000, I began to think that Calgary was a bit of a progressive spot. I have made an entry in my note-book, "Visit it." From

what I could see around me, I began to think I had taken on a considerable business to do Canada ; but as old bike could not come along, he sent bag instead, and between us we are going to try and do it.

Monday. The cheery call of the bugle up on deck. Just a trifle more swell on the face of the Atlantic. Not a bird, not a ship ; nothing but waves, foam, clouds, and light ; and yet what a charm it exerts ! A merry laugh right out as someone on the weather side gets unexpectedly sprayed. He just shakes off the glistening drops as a spaniel would.

A game of cricket is in progress, and many courts of shuffleboard are laid out, while swings are up for the children. Oh, ye men of England, who are longing for a breeze ! Just come and try the pleasures of these seas. It's Brother Scot who has broken into harmony, and when a real Scotsman sings there is generally something good about. The foredeck is happy. There is either a skirl or a reel, for a Highland lad has brought his pipes along with him.

Tuesday—bit dull in the morning ; then there appeared a haze on the sea. Was it to be a fog ? We soon found that there was some wind behind, and in a few moments the decks were soaked with spray, so that there was no grand promenade. Later in the evening the wind howled, but our *Empress* was as serene as before. Was it going to be a gale ? Dinner calmed fears. The captain was at the head of the table, as sure a sign of fine weather as a red sunset on a winter's eve.

The next morning was a brilliant one, a brisk breeze from the north putting a white cap on every wave. How beautiful! Not breakfast-time yet, so we entered into a contest, five miles' walk round deck, eight laps to the mile, but I did not win, as the others started running. The bugle called "Come to the cookhouse door, boys," and there was no second invitation required. We next heard that the *Empress of Ireland* had passed in the night, and reported passing thirty-three icebergs. Later the Donaldson liner *Cassandra* reported having passed twenty-six, and I determine I must see them, even if I remain up all night. The chief engineer (Mr. Phelps) asked us whether we should like to see the engines. The invitation was accepted forthwith.

Suddenly someone mentions "Icebergs," and we all jump up, only to find that we have been hoaxed. Next morning the purser has posted a notice asking for volunteers to assist at a concert. Sudden result. There's a baritone heard on the promenade deck, and a trembling soprano near the companion-way. The piano is requisitioned, as a contralto steps into position, when suddenly from somewhere is heard "Sister Mary Jane's Top Note." There is every prospect of a concert, and meanwhile a notice is posted asking for a lady volunteer to play the piano, as a dance is to take place at night. There can be no doubt as to enjoyment on these liners.

"Look out in the black night." Someone is said to have seen a berg. I cannot believe it. I speak

to a ship's officer. He says, "Yes, we are in the ice track now; shall be through it about four in the morning. The bergs after that." Retire meditating, and awake mighty cold. Where's the blanket? A glimpse through the port-hole. What's that, a berg? Glance at watch. Three a.m. A case of agility. On deck in less than five minutes. There away in the distance is a huge piece of something with the flashes of a lighthouse somewhere behind it. "That's a berg," remarks a voice with a pronounced American accent. The nearer we get to it the colder it becomes—worse than the cold storage at Avonmouth. There the cold is still, but here it is moving.

CHAPTER II.

Icebergs and a camera. "Zummerzett Zongs." A "hot" spell. In Montreal. The Macdonald College. Impressions agricultural. Cereal husbandry.

THE sunrise was a wonderful sight. First a gleam of fire appeared to leap from the sea, then it widened into a flat, red-hot crucible. The flame grew bolder and bolder until the brilliant rays lit up that berg. The news spread. The Premier of New Brunswick turned out. Ladies in wraps. To the west, that wind-swept spot, Belle Isle, appeared before us; a little lower down the houses on the shore of Newfoundland appeared; through the strait the coast of Labrador. Last winter's snow still remained in the hollows. What a magnificent sight! We could count twenty icebergs all at once. Still more. We were passing quite close to one. A rush for the camera. Click! "Did you get a snap," was inquired? "Yes, a cold snap." A wonderful sight is an iceberg, with its snow-white surface above the water, and that rich emerald green below the water-line. There were blocks of ice resembling the lions in Trafalgar Square.

The keen breeze. Was breakfast-time ever coming? The good *Empress* glided on, the land

again faded from view ; we were in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Excitement ! We were overhauling another liner, the *Tunisian*, and we passed and left her. Obtained permission to go and have a look at the emigrants' quarters. Found them well fed, well cared for, and looking out, not for the Promised Land, but to them the land of promise. A group attracts me. Father, mother, seven sons, and a daughter ! Youngest aged nine, eldest twenty-three ; all in the best of health. How like a liner is to a rabbit warren. One can never see the whole of its inmates at once. Some appear at the mouths of the gangways, others disport themselves on deck, some dressing, or resting in their berths, all jolly.

Thursday morning we are sailing up the St. Lawrence, where the waters are as placid as a mill-pond. The grey waters, the hills by the shore, in a grey misty transparency, from which the white houses show out. Everyone has packed and is on deck. What friends we have made, to be sure. How much I have learnt of the manners and customs of a land on which I have not yet set foot. We shall arrive at Quebec to-night, after one of the most delightful passages on record. A chat with the Hon. J. D. Hazen, the Premier of New Brunswick. He gave me an invitation to come and see the fruit growing in the old settled districts. We have not heard much about the Maritime Provinces of late. Fine concert last night. Old Zummerzett Zongs all the rage, couldn't get enough of them. Inter-

national amity. The Hon. J. D. Hazen proposed a vote of thanks to the performers, which was seconded by President Taft's brother. Net result, £37 for the Seamen's Orphans. A football team aboard, the Corinthians. They are in wonderful training trim.

When at Rimouski we stopped to pick up the pilot, the Customs officers, and the Health Doctor. These on board, the great liner again went forward. It was the sensation that a duck must feel as it glides on the surface of the waters. How quickly those Customs got to work. There were some of Uncle Sam's astute ones and did not they rummage ere they put those seals on? The Canadian Customs officers got through their work in a most pleasant sort of way. Brother Scot was taking out some trinkets for a lady of his acquaintance—that little box right in the middle. Seventeen shillings to pay. "What have you got new?" "A dozen collars only. I have worn some coming out."

"Passed."

Here was the explanation why so many of the ladies had disported themselves in so many new raiments during the voyage. They could be declared as worn, and yet were not spoiled. What beautiful scenery on either side! A belt of mist obscuring the hull of a vessel, and yet every yard of her was visible. Then we passed a lovely bit—the sun was setting over some hills that became as purple as Highland scenery. Still we glided on. Father Point had been left long behind. The shades of

evening had fast faded into darkness. An occasional flash of lightning was seen overhead. Then the lights of Quebec were seen in all their beauty, tier upon tier leading up to the Terrace. Last moments! Oh! your card; so pleased we have met. Just in the semi-shadows the finals of the flirtations of the younger folks.

Soon we were moored and off the ship. How smartly our baggage was handled! There was a post office near at hand, where letters and telegrams that had been addressed to passengers could be obtained. We had secured a berth on a "sleeper." Oh, terror of terrors! If this was the Lady of the Snows, she had prepared a very warm reception for us. We were as ducks before the Sunday morning fire. One soon gets the corners knocked off in Canadian travel, and a Canadian "sleeper" is apt to remind us of the interior of a Persian carpet-shop. These are hung from roof to floor, thick and heavy. They are supposed to keep the air in and the sound out. The ebony face of the negro attendant is impassive. We retire to stretch, but not to rest, and right glad are we to reach Montreal, with the thermometer close on 80 degrees in the shade at 7 a.m. In the morning light we are able to notice the wonderful arrangements of a Canadian sleeping car. The berths fold up, there are four cosy seats on the ground floor, and the heavy curtains fold back.

The idea of spending a week in this is not terrible,

after all. Shall I go ahead or else spend a day or two in Montreal? Brother Scot thinks the latter. Fancy a three thousand miles straight journey in the heat. In Canada they have a capital way of handling your baggage. They give you a check for each piece. No matter if one's bag be new or not, it is merely a piece. That check you must treasure, as never a piece of baggage will you get out of the baggage man's clutches on the other side unless you can produce your part of the contract in that half check. When you reach your hotel, just hand the checks over to the hotel porter, and within half an hour the baggage is in your room. Before leaving, hand over your tickets and a quarter dollar to the porter, and tell him where to send. He meets you at the train with your tickets and checks; and so on. If the luggage is heavy a charge of one shilling is made for transit between station and hotel. It all costs money; but you are not likely to lose your luggage.

A huge hotel. Breakfast, a "powerful" menu card. He must be fastidious indeed who could not find something to satisfy his cravings. Peaches and cream, delightful. Where shall we go to see something agricultural? There is the Macdonald College, near by, at Ste. Anne de Bellevue. To the Windsor Station. A glance at the immense engines, with the cow-catchers in front. Soon we are passing out through a typical French city suburb. The ornamented houses, each with its verandah and

balcony. The flat roofs. Do they keep the snow off or allow it to remain on them during the winter ? Oh, what a wilderness of weeds, some of them reaching high up into the branches of the apple trees ! Small patches of maize. How like the small allotment principles of France, and here the old feudal principles exist, and tithe is paid.

A fellow-passenger tells of the adaptability of the Scotch in Canada. At one spot there are Macdonalds and other Scotch who have married French Canadians, embraced the Roman faith, and speak French ! (This was one for Brother Scot !) Never in my life did I see so many thistles, even in the land of the thistle. At Ste. Anne we alight to notice a sensible porter wearing thick gloves to handle the rough-sawn wood boxes and avoid splinters. Then we wander down through a typical French village, with Canadian adaptabilities. There are the wooden side-walks, not laid in the most even style, but of great utility. Brother Scot inquires the way. " Mon, I canna mak' him understand."

Now for another tongue, French. How well we were directed to where we could slake our thirst, What was that label on the bottle ? " Warranted pure beer, brewed only from malt, hops, and filtered water." What a lovely spot ! No wonder that the Irish poet Moore wrote his beautiful poem here, where the Ottawa gradually merges its brown waters into the blue St. Lawrence. And then there is Lake St. Louis.

But we had come for business, and so making our way to the Macdonald College, we were more than fortunate in finding the Acting Principal (Dr. Harrison) at home. Under his able guidance, we were shown how some of the youths of Canada were being prepared for agricultural life. The College is due to the magnificent donation of Sir William Macdonald, who gave £700,000 to found it, and just adds another £20,000 a year for permanent improvements. With money flying around like this, one would expect to see items of extravagance cropping up here and there. But it is not so. There are three schools—the School of Agriculture, the School for Teachers, and the School of Household Science, giving young women training such as will make for the improvement and greater enjoyment of home life.

As showing how thoroughly this is done, after the pupils have received instruction, a couple of them are selected to manage a miniature home for a week, that is, where two teachers are in residence. These girls have to do the buying, darning, cooking, cleaning, and to keep correct accounts, etc. If this does not make them true helpmates in later life I do not know what will. The College itself occupies a most lovely site overlooking the Ottawa River at Ste. Anne. The property comprises some 561 acres, and is arranged in four main areas. The Campus, with lawn, school garden, and recreation fields for students of both sexes; the experimental grounds,

with plots for illustration and research in grains, grasses and flowers; the small cultures, farms for horticulture, and poultry keeping; the live stock and grain farm.

Now for a young fellow to get into this splendid College he must have entered upon his eighteenth year, must have a good moral character, medical certificate of physical health, must have been vaccinated, and have worked on a farm from seed time to harvest. Living expenses are just over 16s. per week for board and lodging. Those students who are from the Province of Quebec have just over 28s. per month allowed them by the Department of Agriculture. Quebec students are free first and second years; for third and fourth years £10 per year. For students from other parts of Canada, all years £10 per year; from outside Canada, £20. There are also small laboratory fees.

We first had a look at the dairy building, and found Miss Vaughan, the dairy instructress, initiating two South African pupils into the art of Macdonald cheese making. This cheese somewhat resembles small Lancashire. How beautifully fitted was this true dairy palace, over which Miss Reid, the recent instructress in dairying to the Monmouthshire County Council, is coming over to preside. It is rather singular, however, that the College abattoir should be situate in this dairy building, as animals which are fattened on the College farm are killed for the use of the College, a really sensible provision. It would

take pages to deal with the equipment of the various buildings.

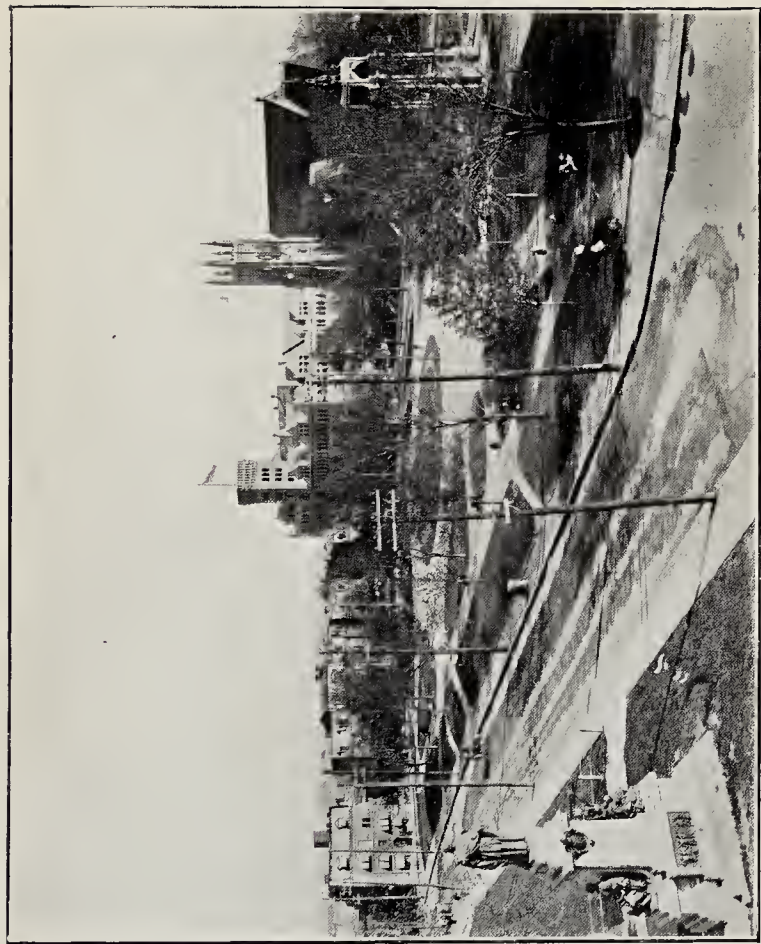
I had come to see the agriculture, and as we were being driven around the various plots, I never desired to go over a better managed farm. The land varies a great deal, and thus gives ample scope for experiments. It comprises in all about 387 acres. The farm buildings are up to date, as they were burned down in their early days. They are now built fire-proof. The cows were tied up on the Scotch plan of shackle bars ; but here, instead of being made rigid, they are hung loosely top and bottom. But still an animal cannot lick itself. I was much interested in seeing some old Quebec Jerseys. This breed was brought over by the early French settlers, is very hardy, and much darker in the coat than some Jerseys of to-day. There are also some Dutch cows—Holsteins, as they are known in America. One of these cows yielded 1,800 gallons of milk in eleven months. There were also some Ayrshires, one of which was yielding six and half gallons per diem. But I was rather sorry to see that the showyard, fashionable white type of Ayrshire bull was being used. There were a few dairy Shorthorns. These I did not consider to be well up to the standard that they should be ; seemingly they had been purchased on pedigree rather than inspection. In rearing calves, whole milk is used for the first two weeks, after this skim milk and oat siftings are used.

At the end of the cowsheds a judging ring is

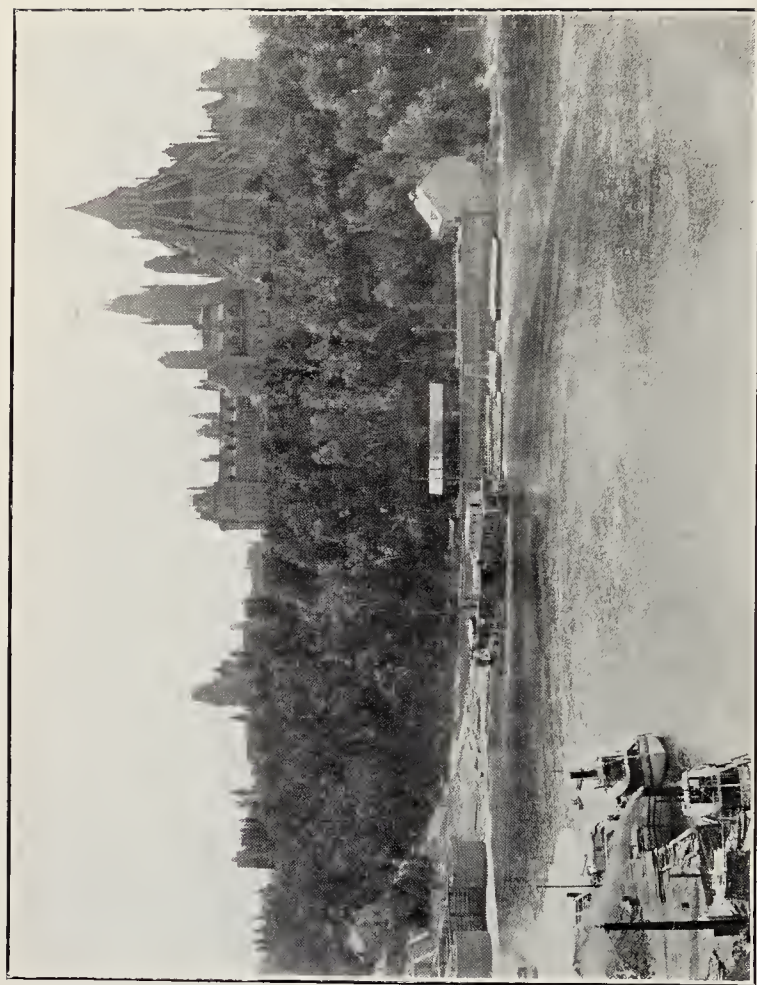
constructed. Here Professor Barton gets expert judges to assist him to test the knowledge of students and teach them how to judge. This is open for two weeks in the winter, costs 4 dollars to enter, and pay board. Farmers between sixty and seventy years of age are known to come and take part in these competitions, and these classes also act as feeders to the college courses. All the cattle are silo fed. What the Canadians would do without the silo I do not know. They are at it all the year round ; but a crop, like maize, which gives some sixteen tons per acre of feed, soon tells up. Some pupils, who have completed a year's course in agriculture, can help in carrying on the work of the various departments, and be paid for it, according to the character of the work and the quantity they perform.

But there were other things to see on this farm. There is the cereal husbandry department, under the direction of Professor Leonard S. Klinck, M.S.A. We found him with sleeves turned up, and working as hard as any of the labourers in his grain plots. There were some 375 plots of these alone, and so he was fixing a gasoline engine and thresher to thresh them on the spot. There were 246 strains being tested. These, with their controls and multiples, denote the work. I notice that here the rye, which is so effectively used for dividing the plots at Svalöf, in Sweden, is omitted.

Professor Klinck's results have been such as to upset the German theory of bulk selection, that is,



Dominion Square, Montreal.



Parliament Buildings, Ottawa.

picking the largest grains. These seldom or never come true in plots. Some have a habit of becoming failures. His plan is to select a good ear of corn, save the seeds from this again, select big heads at harvest, go over these in winter, and re-select. From these one hundred grains are taken, and dibbered in 4 inches apart. These come continuously true ; but it has been found extremely difficult to get the ideal plant. There may be big yields and weak straws, and such-like defects, or undesirable qualities. Now for a number of years, as they have got the recorded history of certain varieties, hybridisation is to be started. I have only just touched the fringe of the things that I saw at this place. How it must help to produce those farmers of whom Canada, like all other countries, is so much in need—those who can work with science.

Back to Montreal. A walk around the town. There are some very fine shops here. Peaches are unusually cheap. I do hope soon the Canadians will solve the problem of sending them to England. Each policeman carries his stick, to let all and sundry know that he has it for emergencies. In England Robert prefers to keep it out of sight. Still, from what I saw of the well-behaved streets of Montreal, there was not any need to stick anybody. Everyone was most courteous. The little lads spoke English in giving directions. If French was spoken it was just the same.

CHAPTER III.

*Montreal. On the train to Ottawa. Going south to Toronto.
Matters agricultural.*

I HAVE had a look round the town of Montreal, thanks to the courtesy of Mr. W. Webber, whose progenitors hailed from Devon. What a curious admixture, to be sure. At one moment one has to speak in French, the next in English; one reckons by cents instead of centimes, and it takes a deal of them to go very far in Montreal. There are plenty of places of pleasure, and so we plank down a dime each, because there is a lot of Uncle Sam's currency about; but if one wants to convert an English shilling into Canadian currency, it will cost some $2\frac{1}{2}$ d. to do so, and yet the change is very often in American dimes. It is certainly paralysing the British coinage.

Then "walk right in." In fact, one must be "right there" or "right on." This is the favourite expression in all ranks of life, and Canadians appear to be especially fond of the term. Brother Scot is in trouble. He has brought some Scotch notes, converted these into Canadian (quite a pile of them); but being called upon to pay out, he just runs his fingers over the surfaces, gives a little tug at the ends,

and then, looking up, remarks, " I begin to realise what it means when the expression ' Stake his last dollar ' is used." It is the one spot where money appears to slip away.

As one looks at the streets one must see that Canada is a nation in building by the allied arts of peace and commerce, and yet being founded on more solid lines than those old empires who owed their rise and fall alike to war. Here we have bands of Italians laying the street tramway tracks, Russians and Poles delving down in the trenches wherein the sewers are being laid. If one drops into a restaurant, it is to find a Scotch waitress, who a little later has made up her mind to go West. Walking up and down the streets, it is not difficult to note that there is not the same detail paid to labour as in the old country. What a rumpus there would be in Bristol if the whole head of tramrail were exposed above the surface of the road, or if one of the stone setts preferred to rest on its end instead of on its base. But despite all this, there is abundance of traffic in the streets. They have a capital way of hobbling horses in Quebec. A driver buckles a strap round the horse's fore leg and fastens the other end to the shaft ; the horse cannot bolt with this. Another way is to have a rather weighty piece of iron or a weight. A piece of leather rein is fastened into this, and a spring clip on the other end goes into the ring of the bit. It certainly induces a horse to stand.

A feature of Montreal is its telephone and telegraph

and electric-light poles. Their base occupies a deal of room in the already slightly limited space of the footway, and above the pavement they are real wonders. Up to the time of writing I have seen some thousands of them, and not a straight one amongst the lot. Even those that might have an inclination to be straight are set up askew. How indicative this of the Canadian town character. Export the best ; retain at home those that are not so saleable, yet with a deal of utility in them. As the telephone increases, it will become in verity a city of poles. What splendid bank buildings there are ! A peep into Notre-Dame, a magnificent and richly-decorated building. It is Saturday afternoon. Everyone is hurrying out of town who can possibly do so. The cabs are light and airy, and all supplied with a cape hood, which can be set in a variety of angles. Up-to-dateness. An advertising tramcar, attractive by day, a blaze of light by night, hurries along the rails.

Bags packed, we are away to the station. These are without platforms, and passengers have to go up a flight of stairs, which is rather better than the continental series of footboards. The heat is very bad. The train starts, conventions fly. Gentlemen remove coat and waistcoat and sit in shirt attire ; ladies just punkah away as hard as they can with palm leaf-fans ; a paper boy walks through with the papers. One can have an iced soda or any kind of fruit. Very convenient.

How soon we make acquaintances ; the iciness of English reserve is lost here. By the by, how fond the Canadian ladies are of jewellery, particularly rings and locket ; but they do not carry that rosy flush of our English girls. How useful they must be to the sugar-grower, as meet them, see them where you will, they are always eating something sweet—pastry, chocolates, gums. How they obtain an appetite for meals remains to me a mystery. What a popular drink buttermilk is ! It is slightly sour, refreshing when iced, and is decidedly better than the Canadian butter. Think that I shall have to look up Mr. J. A. Ruddick, the Canadian Dairy Commissioner, and ask him why they send such good butter to England and keep other at home.

Ottawa. We arrive in the evening, after a warm trip in that chair car. Everyone is telling of the heat ; there never has been such a warm summer within living memory. At the station we get off. Thirst must be assuaged, but where in the world can we assuage it ? All the bars are shut down hard from 7.0 p.m. Saturday night until Monday morning. Hard lines, indeed, to be made legislatively temperate. At the risk of our constitutions, we partake of a steak and tea. We seek some rest. Oh, how the cars rattle in the early morning ! So out we turn, to hunt up a gentleman to whom we have a letter of introduction.

Arrived at our destination, we ring and wait. Now each house here is made on the meat safe principle.

The windows are filled in with fine wire mesh, and a special door of it is made, so that the flies cannot get in. Down comes our gentleman. He always rises at six, but after the heat he was taking a little longer rest. It was Sunday morning, of course. Yes, he was at Ottawa when it was a backwoods village; there was no other collection of habitations between it and the far North. Now here it is a fine, well-laid-out town, with its Houses of Parliament, its Government Departments, etc. We had just a glance at Sir Wilfrid Laurier's home. It was no use to call and present our letters, as Canada was in the throes of an election, and then members of any Government have enough business in hand of their own to care for without strangers calling.

When Brother Scot and I returned to our hotel he was quite virtuously indignant. There were his boots as he had left them the night before. Inquiry revealed the fact that "Boots" as we know him in England, does not exist in Canada. You have just to put your boots on, and walk along the sidewalk to the nearest five-cent shine, and get the polish put on them "right there." Having done this, Brother Scot and I determined for a while to part. Anyway, he came to see me off the premises, and taking a car—it is five cents anywhere—he convoyed me down to the station.

Into this train, and I was away south, for Toronto. As soon as we had cleared the buildings, I saw an immense timber bay in the river. It must have held

acres of logs. Bathers were freely disporting themselves. Soon the train hurried onwards. The fields were nearly all carrying crops of oats. These, like Mendip oats, were a bit short in the straw, but very heavy in the grain. There were some excellent crops of buckwheat, which appears to be rather a favourite. A glass case under the roof of the carriage interested me. It contained a splendidly-finished set of tools, consisting of a saw, an axe, and a sledge hammer, with a card containing the admonition, "The law provides a fine of 300 dollars for anyone taking or interfering with these tools, except in case of accident." We were now rushing out into the old cleared land; where it had been cultivated the stumps stood up high. One would have thought that the olden time axe-man might have cut these down closer, but on inquiry I learnt that the height of the stump was regulated by the depth of the snow when the trees were being felled.

Those wasteful clearings, how the decaying timber must lead to the propagation of injurious insects. But Nature was endeavouring to reassert itself, as birches were following the pines. What labour must have been taken to split those cedar wood poles and set up those immense stretches of wooden fences, set angle-wise, and known as snake-fences. These are now being replaced by the wire-link fencing. I was enabled to get a glimpse of the old log-hut cabin, the real one, built of logs, with the chinks filled in with mortar, not like the modern

ones made of sawn boards. At Smith's Falls I had to change, and was introduced to another innovation of Canadian travel. The ticket collector, having punched your ticket, hands you another, which you have to place in the band of your hat. There are punch-marks denoting the distance that you have to go. It must be England, with those splendid pigeons.

At Bathurst a more prosperous look. Here were some of the finest rustic-work fences I have ever seen. They were made up of tree stumps and roots. The pine root, after being charred by the settler's fire on the outside, and being well impregnated with its own resinous products within, evinces a non-desire to decay, and that for decades past has been a source of irritation to settlers. Seemingly, they are nearly as bad as the boulder stones in the fields.

At Shabot Lake I saw one of the most magnificent thunderstorms I ever witnessed. The forked lightning from the smoky cloud aloft zigzagged down into the midst of a clump of pines on an island, situate well out in the lake. The crash of the thunder and the torrents of rain! How beautiful this lake is, and how like Sweden, with its pines, its islands, its lights and shadows playing on the brown waters. What would these disregarded woods be worth if forestry were applied to them. But they are now neglected, labour is too scarce, and wood too plentiful—adverse conditions where forestry is concerned.

Past thriving orchards, with cattle grazing amidst the stones. How hot it is. Then the trainman comes along with a basket of "soft drinks." Past a farm with a splendid lot of large white Yorkshire pigs. It does not take a moment to note the fact that they are real good ones. Golden rod is the weed now most on view. Why is it that the Canadians allow their oats to become so dead ripe before cutting them?

During this train journey I have not failed to note how much more attentive the men are to their womenfolk than in England, and how natural those womenfolk are. There is not that squeamishness of being seen with their babies. Young life is well cared for in Canada. The country looks better after leaving Pontypool. It is wonderful what a number of old country names are to be found here. One farmer has evidently had trouble with straying sheep, as he has just fixed their necks into a yoke, very similar to that old choockey has to wear about apple-time at home. By the bye, have seen some very useful sheep, Shropshires, Oxfords, and Hampshires. Truly the very name of Myrtle suggests warmth, and here I see one or two well-cultivated pieces of mangolds and swedes.

A couple of farmers come in and we begin to chat. One is sending his milk to the factory, which is paying fivepence per gallon for it during the summer months. From them I also learn of the immense utility of maize in the upkeep of their cattle in the

winter. This crop, which takes about half a bushel to plant an acre by dibbling, or a bushel by broadcasting or drilling, furnishes some sixteen tons of feed, which, after being chaffed and put in a silo, comes out nice and moist, and constitutes very rich food.

Commenting on the seemingly universal use of the American trotter type of light horses, these agriculturists said that heavy horses were increasing in numbers, but they were very dear to buy. The difficulty was that though the Clydesdale faced the first winter very fairly, it came through the second decidedly badly. With the Percheron, or French horse, the conditions were just reversed, it became much hardier as it became older.

Over a rather pretty ravine at Rosedale, and soon we were at Toronto. There was the sound of many bells; surely it must be time for evening service. Imagine one's surprise at finding that these bells were on the engines to help clear the way, as the engines have not the same shrill shriekers that they have in England. A very fine city is Toronto, splendidly lighted at night by bunches of lamps fed by hydro-electric current. I was very fortunate to be able to get rooms at an hotel, as the town was full up. Tired out, I sought repose, after having put in a couple of hundred miles of travel on a stopping train since the morning.

CHAPTER IV.

King Edward Hotel, Toronto. More Old Bristolians. The grandeur of the Rapids. Peaches and cream. Guelph Training College. Uniform monotony.

IN Chew Magna is one of the most hard-working men, and one whom we farmers could not well do without, Mr. Thomas Veater, harness-maker, now, alas ! better described as harness-mender, because we poor farmers cannot afford to purchase new harness nowadays. "Walley" brought my post often and well, until one evening he said, "I shan't bring it any more, I am off to Canada." So off he went. When he heard that I was going, the dear old dad said, "Oh, would you mind going to see Walley, four thousand miles away ? He writes and tells me that he is doing well. I should like to know." I made up my mind that the appeal should not be in vain. Tormorden, Toronto. I found that by taking a tramcar I could get there. Only, I struck the wrong end of the place and had to walk some three miles.

First it was the well-kept stone or rather brick-built houses of the wealthy. Then they dropped down to those of more moderate means. There was none of that fencing-off of my little plot ; the little

grass slope led right down to the sidewalk. The city was left. I inquired my way. "Yes, he keeps horses and pigeons in the big barn." In Canada a cowshed is a stable, and the stable is a barn.

I saw someone watering the horses, and walked to the door quietly. It was a sight to see their faces as they turned round. Then it was "Down buckets, lads; come in." Yes, "Walley" was doing well. He had got together a good team of horses, had married, with the result of two Canadians the more. He had purchased a plot of ground on the other side of the city which had just doubled in value.

"But there's more of them here," he said. "You know Phyllis Bendall; she is over here, and her brother Tom. My brother Lenn is earning two dollars twenty-five cents a day. Come across, you must see them."

I heard the tap of a hammer, and there I found the two brothers, W. and A. Perry, who used to be well known at Bishop Sutton, hard at work putting up a new residence for the latter; a big, roomy place it was. Firstly, he had purchased the land at sixteen dollars a foot frontage.

The next call was at Mr. James Hill's. He has helped to haul many thousands of bricks through the streets of Bedminster, but he never made money at the job the same as he is doing now here. Quite a family party had assembled. I found it difficult to get away; all were enthusiastic, all were living

well, doing well, and making money. By this time a goodly number of the young bloods had determined to see me back to town. As we were walking, the trot of a horse was heard.

"That's George Evans, from Chew Hill," one of them called out. He pulled over.

"Well, you be about the last as I ever expected to see out here."

He had married the lady of his choice, had come over and had got together a nice herd of cows, and was taking his milk into Toronto twice a day.

They told me that there were some sixty Bristolians settled in this little spot at Tormorden. The little church had been built by voluntary effort, the village hall the same—everybody put in a day, and it was the cost of material only.

"What is the reason?" I asked, "that you are all doing so well? Do you work harder or what?"

Then the truth came out.

"We earn more money. Living costs more than at home. Here we all like to save a bit of money. Some put it in land, some in the bank, until there is enough to go West with. We seldom go down town. We don't want to. Land purchased here has more than trebled in value in seven years."

How well Toronto is lighted at night by means of Niagara power. There was a tale afloat of the fertile orchards of Southern Ontario, and they were to be made more fruitful still by lighting the orchards with electric light at night. So in the morning I

just booked for Niagara. It was to be by boat. How crowded the ticket office was! At last I scrambled aboard. A wedding party was coming on; the confetti was scattered, and then one of the party rushed forward and squirted a spongeful of cold water down the neck of the bride. If this was Canadian treatment, well, I would rather face the boots and rice of Old England. It is a big lake to cross, that of Ontario. Here again I had chance to note the temperate habits of the Canadians. Though there were plenty of other things aboard, nearly everyone took either tea, coffee, or milk.

As we landed at Lewiston we were fairly importuned to buy baskets of fruit, consisting of peaches, pears, plums, and apples, at ten cents per basket. The fruit in the chip-baskets looked marvellously ruddy, and I found the reason of this was a tinted cheese-cloth used as a covering. I got on the trams leading up through the Gorge. The view was very fine indeed; but the whirlpool rapids! Those who had never before seen such a sight could not fail to be struck with the sublimity of those foaming, churning waters, rushing ever downward with irresistible force.

Niagara on the American side is spoilt by the huge, ugly erections so indicative of power; but the Yankee storekeepers are cute indeed to catch the tourist, an element that certainly is very much lacking on the Canadian side. A trip on to Buffalo, quite an interesting spot, then back, to walk over

the bridge and enjoy the American Falls. I must admit that I was somewhat disappointed by these. However, the walk up through the Canadian Park was very fine, and then I saw the Canadian Falls in all their beauty. They are horseshoe shaped, and the power works have not spoilt them. Half a dollar and one is provided with oilskins. You go down into a tunnel, and emerge right out under the centre of the waterfall. To pass that space behind the millions of tons of water rushing down overhead in its impetuosity creates an eerie feeling indeed. It takes a moment or two to get the breathing apparatus right. A lovely spot is Niagara. The tram line running down on the Canadian side gives a commingling of wonderment and creeps. The views are magnificent.

From Chippewa one comes down by the swirling rapids, sees the Falls, and then runs on to the top of the Gorge in an open tramcar, right on the brink of the precipice. A sudden jolt of the car and one could be shot down into those far from tranquil waters hundreds of feet below. Somehow we seek something to grip, but find it not, so we just make up our mind not to be scared, and then begin to enjoy to the full what has been truly described as the finest scenic railway in the world.

At one shop I noticed that they were selling picture postcards and marriage licences. Well, some might do something desperate after the heart-tremors of those tram rides. By a series of sharp curves we

rapidly come down the cliffs to Queenstown. Here, waiting on the quay, was as choice a lot of fruit as anyone could wish to see, and the manner in which it was handled was very fine. Narrow trolleys with four wheels. On these were built tiers of shelves to take baskets of peaches, plums, tomatoes, and apples. These were fixed in by side rails. Thus a trolley load was run into the ferry-boat, off the ferry-boat on to the landing-stage, along this, and then taken on to the steamer that was to bring us back to Toronto. There the fruit was again unloaded, and not a bruise could I see on any of it. If only our soft fruit traffic in England could be handled the same way, what a gain it would be all round !

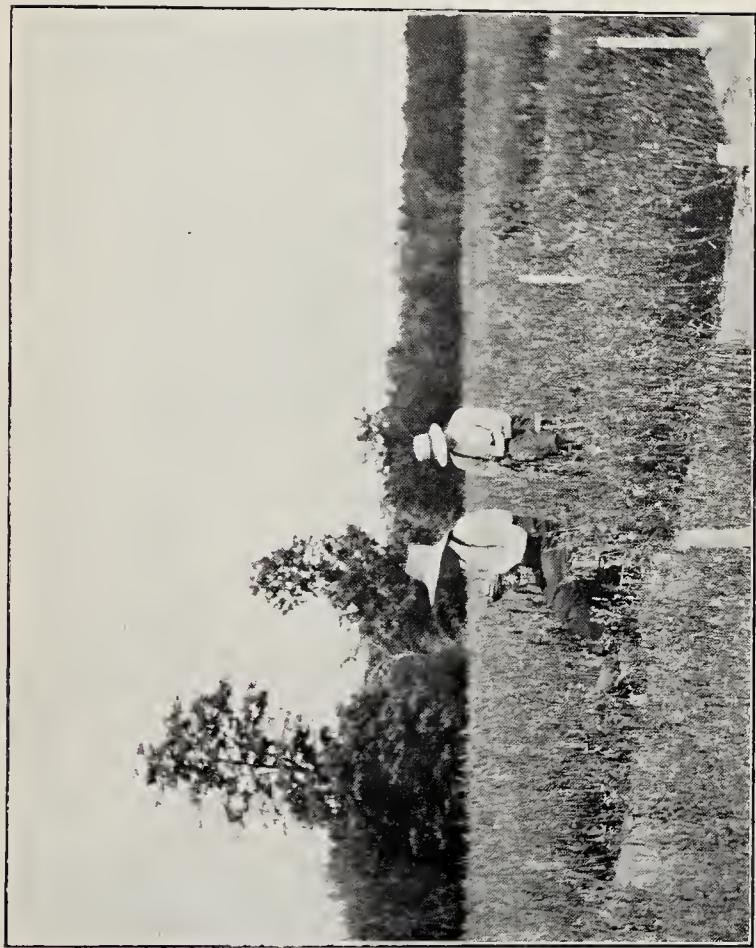
As we cast off from the landing-stage and began to glide down the river, with its wooded banks, the harvest moon just rising and later flooding the lake with all its beauty, Brock's Monument had faded from sight. I was looking at those peaches, and commenting how lovely they looked, when a lady remarked—

“ Would you like to taste one ? ”

“ Certainly, but they are being consigned.”

“ Yes, but I will get you one.”

Next day I found a small basket of peaches at my hotel. Canadian ladies can evidently be as good as their word. This peach trade must be a remunerative one, if they could only be put on the English market. Fancy being able to obtain a big bag of peaches for 5d. For once I fared well on peaches



Tedious work. Professors counting oat spikelets at Gaelph.



Niagara.

and cream for breakfast next morning before starting for Guelph.

As an experimental station and teaching centre Guelph is known all over the world. The town is very small and clean, and, like all the Canadian towns, has some fine bank buildings. It was very hot as I climbed the hill to the College, there to find the boys gone home, the President and Professors away for a holiday. This was to be anticipated when visitors elect to drop down from the clouds. But there is the element of satisfaction that you see things as they really are. However, the President's Secretary, Mr. S. H. Gaudier, volunteered to show me round, and a better guide I could not desire. A very fine set of buildings has Guelph, and though they are old in places, yet they are well kept, and, besides, the trees used in laying out the grounds have had time to grow and develop into their full beauty. Our first visit was to the stable, where the cows are kept. I was shown No. 1, a Dutch, Boutsji 2 P. de Kel. She was seven years old. Her record for the year ending August 31st, 1910, read as follows:—

RANK IN HERD—I.

Total lbs. of milk given	19,742
Number of days milking	365
Average lbs. of milk per day	54
Percentage of fat	3.43
Highest monthly fat	4.1
Lowest monthly fat	3.0
Total lbs. of butter fat	671.73
Total pounds of butter, adding $\frac{1}{6}$ to the fat..	783.68
Lbs. of milk required to 1 lb. of butter	25
Cost of feed	\$82

Here the feed was kept in a 250-ton silo, which has been found far too large in practice, as some of the feed spoils in it, which it does not in a smaller one.

The whole of the four experimental fields, comprising fifty acres, are worked on the four-course system. An interesting experiment in progress is that of the stooling of oats. There were two professors busy counting the number of fertile and non-fertile spikelets on twenty stalks drawn from each plot. True science must be exact, but to sit in the blazing sunshine without an umbrella over them was enough to make those occupied in the task count double. We shall hear nothing of the result yet awhile, as they do not announce the results of experiments until after a five years' test. From the top of the College an immense stretch of country can be seen. I must mention that smudge fires this year saved a very fine crop of tomatoes indeed. They are canned on the premises for the use of the students.

Back to Toronto, and pack to catch the night train. Once again a sleeper, to awaken in the morning in about as desolate a country as mortal could wish to set eyes on. The woods had been burnt, the bare trunks of the pines stood up amidst the barren rocks, or else from the willow scrub which fringed the black bog-water pools. Near a big sawmill, an immense fire was consuming the dust and odds which might have been utilised for pulp. It is this constant waste that so startles anyone from the old country, where everything is turned to account.

Fancy the monotony of a thousand miles of such travel. A middle-aged gentleman starts making a paper boat just to amuse the baby, and it is so many years since he made one that he has forgotten the all-essential folds. Others join in, and an hour or two is thus passed, until someone remembers and the boat is built—whilst baby has gone to sleep. We still look out at water-lily fringed ponds, stunted woods, barren rocks, until we begin to realise that at last we have begun to be impressed with the very uniformity of monotony. So the C.P.R. hurries through what would have been an idealistic setting for Goethe's "Faust," and I have a thousand years—no, I mean a thousand miles—of this to go through.

CHAPTER V.

My fishing expedition. Reveille, 5 a.m. Trout-fishing de luxe. The primeval forest. Back to civilisation.

WHILST on board the liner I met a gentleman who had come out for a fishing tour in Canada, bringing with him a real fisher's outfit, consisting of twelve makes of rods and between five and ten thousand flies. He was out for record-making, he informed us, and it looked uncommonly like it. However, the Customs could well understand a sportsman bringing his rod and another as a stand-by, but to have such an outfit must be a business affair, so he had to pay duty—under protest. If he took his rods back he got his money back ; if he did not, well, he was not likely to get it.

At last he reached one of the big towns, and in the hotel rotunda made acquaintances who could tell him of some excellent fishing. They had fished there a couple of years before with excellent results, so he was all eagerness to go and try. He missed his morning train ; but having breakfasted, he, with all his paraphernalia of waders, rods and flies, caught the next for a thirty miles' ride in the sweltering sunshine. Arrived at the little country station, he could get no conveyance ; but as it was only six

miles through the scrub on the trail, he stepped it out right manfully. Arrived at his destination, he discovered a torrent-bed of boulders, with the torrent that had dwindled to a streamlet and then dried up. Back he had to come, without a drop of water to his parched lips, and a fine tale he had to tell us at the midnight hour.

Anyway, I left by the morning train for Winnipeg. I met a train-mate.

"What do you say to a day or two's fishing? I know of a real spot."

"No dried-up stream?"

"No."

Well, I did not mind. I wanted to see some of Canada's backwaters; so we fixed it, and left the train at Missanabie, one of those backwood stations where one agent does all the work. There are no porters, as each train carries its own crew. There were a Hudson's Bay Store and Revillion Frères Store, a revival of the old North-West Company. The waters of the lake lapped the line. Here must be the fishing. No, only a few lake trout and pike. There was some splendid fishing farther down; but we must have guides and camp outfit. That was soon arranged.

A shrewd old Indian, Antoine, of the Ojibbeway Indians, and his son Davie would be the guides. The son had gone for a walk, and would not be back till late. We must start at 5 a.m., as there would be a big wind later. My friend, who was a city man,

groaned in spirit, if not in body, at the thought of rising at such an hour. There was an afternoon to "kill." I looked at the train-board at the station. All the trains are marked as being on time, and yet some of these were "right-throughs" from over 2,900 miles distant.

We gathered wild raspberries ; still the afternoon would not die. It was wonderful to see the position that a store holds. Indians came to trade from a long distance. There are no public-houses and no fire drinks. The young Indians practised throwing the ball. Then came a game of quoits with four horseshoes. I and an Indian were pitched against two settlers and beat them, but it takes a bit of doing to make a ringer with old Dobbin's cast-off hind shoe. Our camp outfit ordered, we prepared to retire to rest after noting a beautiful sunset.

The morning call came, and soon we were loading that canoe in the chill morning air. Now an Indian canoe is a skittish piece of handiwork. If you step in firmly, your foot goes through ; if you step on one side, you are likely to just go over the other side, and those dark-brown peaty waters do not look at all inviting. Soon we were all aboard, with the young Indian at the prow and the old Indian at the stern.

Out on Dog Lake. There are stunted woods on the rocky shore, the original forest having been burnt down some five-and-thirty years before. The wind arose ; we must paddle too. It was wonderful how we progressed under Indian instruction. No wonder

those Indians could throw the stone so well the day before. Suddenly the young one spied some birds on the lake. Loons these, the scare-birds of Canadian waters. They also spy us, and tell everyone within shouting distance that there are strangers about. We gave chase to them ; how they dived in various directions. On past a big, rocky island, known as Rabbit Island. Impelled by the four paddles, the canoe skimmed over the waters. The sides of the lake became more beautiful. What an appetite after four hours' paddle ! So we just ran into a sandy bay and landed.

In a few moments birch bark had been stripped, some of the drift wood collected, the cooking outfit was in order. A few moments later the blue curl of smoke was followed by crackling flames. How the bacon sizzled in the pan, and tea was at boiling-point without being boiled ! Soon we had satisfied the craving of appetite, and then, the fire having been tossed into the lake, we proceeded. The old Indian told of the red-deer which once ran in the woods, but had been killed right up by the wolves. There was a bounty of fifteen dollars on these. The lake narrowed ; we were told to sit low and tight, as we were going to shoot the rapids. Only that frail craft ! We seemed to skim the edge of the massive boulders and plough our way through seething foam as we darted swiftly down to a little pool. A few strokes of the paddle and we were run ashore.

It was out everything, as we had to make a portage.

Having lifted the canoe, we had to carry it through dense scrub, over rocks, across hollows, until we got below the second rapids. Then back for our paraphernalia. This had to be carried across. The canoe again laden, we paddled on to one of the most charming lakes imaginable. Not a ripple disturbed its mirror-like surface. The giant cedars fringed the waters, the tall pines stood farther back, then the big rocks ran up several hundred feet. Oh, the charm of that spot ! On we paddled until we came to Big Stony Portage. We decided not to make this, but camp beside this trail, which has been used by Indians far back into misty tradition. Few white men have visited it. We ran ashore and disembarked.

The old Indian gave us whites the command, " Go and fish for dinner," whilst he fixed camp. The line cut the air, and Jock Scot alighted on the waters. A plunge, the wheel began to whirr. With forty feet of line out, it takes something to bring a pound-and-a-half trout up out of the rapids. Twenty minutes of fight, and then, in the absence of the landing-net on shore, I got my grippers on him right tight. What a lovely fish, a rich red colour with brown and crimson spots ! My pal was on a boulder. He was in luck also. How the rod bent and twisted ! Then suddenly the leather-bottomed boots slipped, and down into those swirling waters he sat ; but he had his fish.

In half an hour we were back in camp with two

and a half brace. "Good," said our old guide, and in a moment or two he had cleaned them at the lake-side, and no French chef could have cooked them better. Imagine the flavour of those fish, aided by appetite sauce, in that little clearing amidst the bush. We drank our tea from tin pannikins, we ate from tin plates, but we enjoyed our meal more than those who dine off silver. Our tent had been put up close to a cedar bush, in which two chipmunks played. How pretty those little animals were, and how friendly they became, taking their morning meal at the tent door. A summer snipe flitted from boulder to boulder; white-headed woodpeckers flew across the lake. Once more we tried our luck, but those fish would not bite; they would rise, look at the fly, and have none of it. We appealed to the Indian. He took out an eye from one of the trout's heads, fixed it on the tail of our fly, and told us to try further down the rapids. By this time we had done with leather shoes, and put on those with rubber soles. What a grip these afforded us on those fallen trees and boulders!

We had brought our total up to eighteen when our guide came to see what fish we had for supper. How we ate it and watched the glorious sunset on the lake! "Ming-ping"—a few mosquitoes were still left. Off he went like a shot to anoint himself with one of the wildest smears ever invented. I thought my skin was pretty tough, but somehow it was a fight against numbers, so I retired, sprinkled my collar, and wiped

my wrists and ankles with some real South Australian eucalyptus. Those Canadian perforators could not face this. The serenity of that evening was delicious, right away from the bustling life, four thousand miles from home, and not even Marconi to tell us the latest occurrences. Twilight is short. Just as it was merging to darkness the night-hawks came out in dozens to catch the flies. How they circled, twisted, and turned in their flight for food!

The two Indians got in the canoe and paddled round the lake to hear what was moving. What a snug bed they had made for us in our tent with branches of balsam-fir of unusual fragrance. We wrapped ourselves in our Hudson Bay blankets—much too warm. Two a.m.: Teeth chattering, a real biting frost. Various devices—newspapers, surplus hosiery—were speedily donned to keep up the heat. Ah! there was something warming in that Thermos flask. Where was it? And then we suddenly remembered that we had left it at the station.

We were certainly up with the sun that morning. Fish for breakfast. We had to fish lower downstream in the Michipicoten River. In the very rapids, the turgid, swirling waters rushing, tearing between walls of cliff, over boulders, and down chutes. Well, indeed it was a wonder how the trout could hang on! Truly the eye on our hooks was an evil eye to them. It was a deadly bait, but it took something to get the trout out of a river in full spate.

At last we came to the culminating spot of beauty. This is what the Indians call Thunderpool. The river rushes down a series of waterfalls into a deep pool of surprising stillness and darkness. Here, if we cast our fly up-stream in the rapids, we caught a trout ; if we made a cast in the pool, our reward was a pike. Here was fishing, indeed ! The Indian looked with contempt on the pike, but the trout were different ; and when we got back to camp we found that we had added thirty-five to the previous day's total. There they were, of all sizes from half a pound to over two pounds in weight each. It was a catch that one dreams of and seldom realises. By this time we had had trout enough, and so Antoine drew on the camp stores.

After we had satisfied the inner man, Antoine told us his stories over the glowing embers of the fire : of the time when the Indians used to kill game only to eat or for their fur, and how only the largest beavers were taken. Then came the white man, who killed little and big, and taught the Indians to do the same ; and now the law came in and prevented them from killing any beaver at all. The white man used poison in trapping ; the Indians did not like to use it.

Then the harvest moon arose in all its marvellous beauty. How it lit up that gaunt, dead pine, standing like some grim sentinel guarding the Stony Portage trail. Here we were indeed in the original forest, unaxed as yet by man. It was Sunday, the morn bright and clear. No fishing to-day ; we had killed

enough, more than sufficient for our wants. We determined to walk and take our cameras with us in this primeval forest. We had learnt to step as silently as the Indians on those moss-covered stones. We might trust our feet on fallen cedars, but on nothing else softer than pine. There were nuts. We satiated ourselves with wild raspberries, and then came to big patches of whortleberries. We were as children, gathering a little here, a little there, but still adding to our store. We sat beside a mighty pine that had fallen across the river, and watched an old mother-duck take her youngsters up-stream. Now the forest was carpeted with red berries, very sweet in winter, so Antoine said.

As I looked at the mighty force of Nature rushing down, I wondered whether this, too, would sometime, like Niagara, be turned into power, or will the dragon-flies just hawk over it for years to come as they have in the centuries of the past? A squirrel came, and was quite friendly. Here the wild denizens of Nature were not yet become afraid of man. Truly it was such a Sunday as anyone could well wish to spend, a Sunday spent in all the sweet simplicity of contact with the grandeur of Nature. Oh, the charm of it! Then, like the Israelites of old, we had a visitation of birds at our camp. They were not quails, but Canadian partridges. How pretty they looked as they perched on the bushes close alongside of us. A warmer night, mosquitoes busy.

An early call. Strike camp, paddle up-stream

again. Over the portage, uphill this time, with a bucket of fish to carry. Out on the lake there were the ducks. We paddled after them for fun, but they paddled faster than we. Floating, paddling, sailing, we got back to Missanabie, to catch our train for the West. As we waited we looked at those huge grasshoppers. No wonder farmers should complain of them eating their crops ; but what rare feed they must make for poultry.

As we boarded the train a thunderstorm came on, and right thankful we were that we were not out in it. We were in for twenty-four hours' travel, having engaged our self-contained flat, which is the best description of a Canadian Pacific " sleeper." Back into the hilly country, until we come in on the picturesque shores of the first of the chain of big lakes, Lake Superior. The mists, the hills, the rocks, the waters, in the fading twilight, constituted a picture indeed !

CHAPTER VI.

*Alexandra Hotel, Winnipeg. A mine of information.
Farming facts. Manitoba College.*

WE came into Winnipeg fairly early in the morning, and having registered our names about nine o'clock, were told there might be some possibility of getting a "reposer" sometime in the ensuing night. Though hotels are being run up and enlarged, there is an ever-recurrent cry of lack of accommodation. We then walked up through the Main Street, of magnificent proportions, about the only one with a curve in it, as it follows the old Hudson's Bay trail to and from Fort Garry. It must be a city of marvellous growth and vitality, as thirty-five years ago there were fewer than 1,000 inhabitants. In 1910 it was estimated that it contained a population of 160,000.

Never have I entered a city where banks are such a prominent feature. Surely where the banks are, there must also the money be. Some of these are very desirable additions to the city's architecture, whilst others, not quite content with raking the earth for golden dross, are literally scraping the sky for it. On the street were crowds of harvesters passing through to their destinations on the farms.

One could but notice the big, strong type of men that were going out, full of energy and stamina. Now, after my pocket experiences of the eastern towns, I began to ask myself, how in the world could ordinary people live ?

Walking along, I struck a nice-looking café, and went right in for a 25-cent luncheon. The tomato soup and fish came along at the same time to save labour. This was followed by a cut of roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, with mashed potatoes and haricots. There were bread and butter, a hunk of apple-pie, and a cup of tea, and he must have been hungry indeed who desired more for a shilling !

I had heard that I might strike a real mine of information if I happened to come across Mr. Roland, of the Industrial Bureau, so I was elevated to him. I thought that Mr. Hilliar, of the Bristol Chamber of Commerce, had a head as full of information as the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, but then he has not the scope of a Publicity Office of Canada. There the whole life of a town—its commercial side, its reception of visitors from every land under the sun, and seemingly its very social life itself—is wrapped up in its Board of Trade or Publicity Office. Its chief is known to everyone, and everyone knows him. He taps his thumb-nail, and a merchant walks in through the doorway to do business. He bends his little finger, and a newspaper man hurries up from below to obtain “ Your views and impressions

as regards the past, the present, and the future of a city in which you have set foot for exactly seventeen minutes." In fact, the Canadian Publicity Office supplies the ever-felt want of inaugurating and satisfying inquiry.

Mr. Roland commenced :

" From Bristol ? "

" Yes."

" Well, that is a rattling good booklet your people have sent out. Want to know a bit about our town ? Well, it has a population of—the latest bank clearances are here."

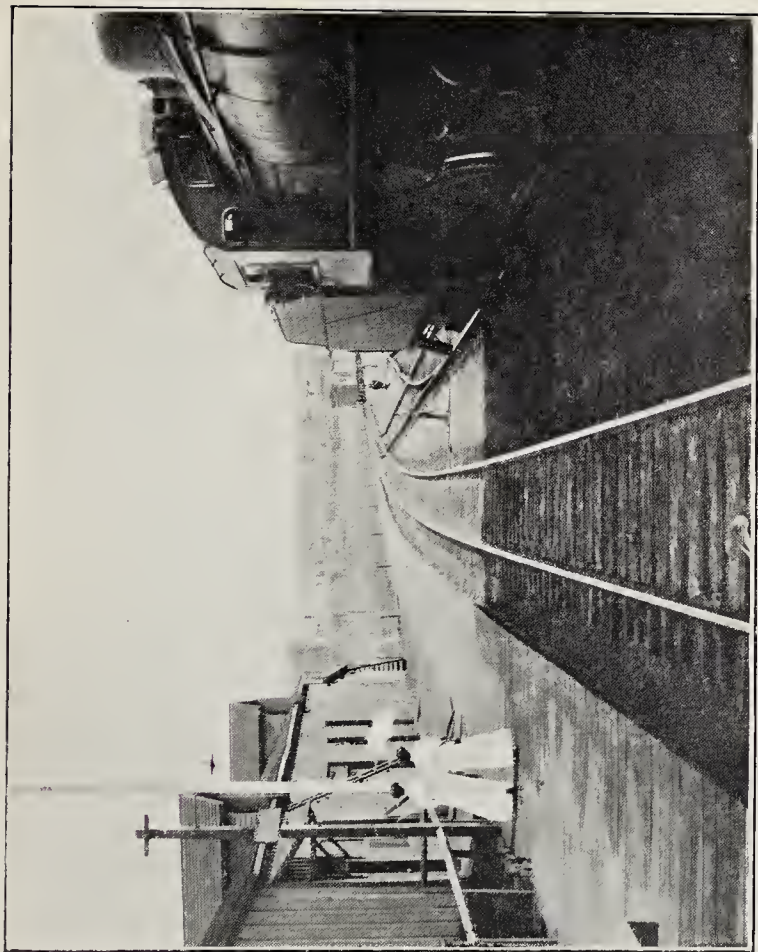
" I don't want that, Mr. Roland ; I can get that from your booklets."

" Well," he remarked, " what do you want ? "

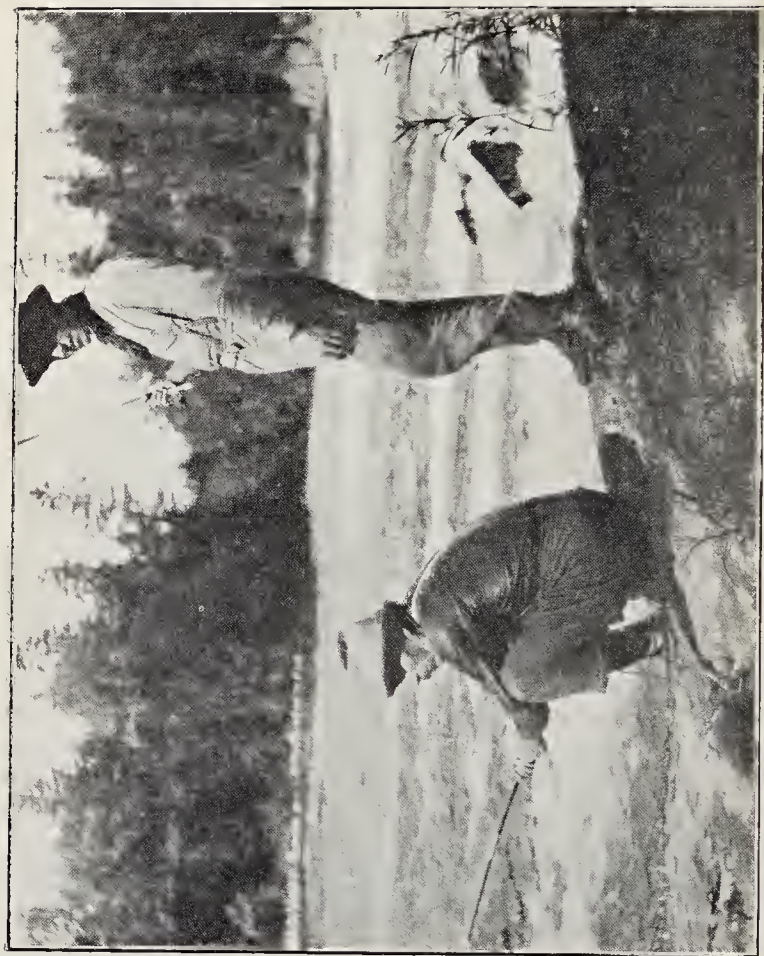
" Why, some information on original lines. What do your farmers do for a living ? Is it all corn-growing ? Any dairying, or what else gets in this filter-city of yours, which appears to be catching something out of everything passing through it, either east or west ? Where do you get your milk from ? "

" The farmers outside. They charge a dollar for ten quarts in the winter, and send twelve quarts for the same money in the summer. Here the consumer has to pay for his milk in advance."

" Oh, happy land," I thought, " for the milk producer," until my eye caught a column in the local paper headed, " How does your milkman grade ? "



*White Fish, Ontario, the coldest spot in Canada.
(Note the sunshade and white dresses.)*



Antoine and David at Big Stony Portage, Missanabie.

His official score as to quality is given below from the City Hall records. Then follow the names. "Muys, C., heads the list—score, 447; very good. Summary: Premises, excellent; cattle, very good; methods, good." Then another reads: "Score, 305; poor. Summary: Premises, fair; cattle, poor; methods, poor." I wonder what a milk-seller in Bristol would say with such a publication about his management?

The general summary reads as follows:—"June 1st—Very good, 4; good, 32; fair, 56; poor, 8; total, 100. August 1st—Very good, 4; good, 36; fair, 58; poor, 2; total, 100." A few publications like this in the old country, and there would soon be no very low percentage milk.

Then Mr. Roland told me the dairies comprised from thirty to forty cows generally, though there were some with one hundred and fifty. They were mostly of mixed breeds, but generally, if pure, either Holsteins, Shorthorns or Jerseys. There was a fine opportunity for market-gardening around Winnipeg.

"A Bristolian. You ought to find Mr. Alf Gordon. I will ring him up, and there are one or two more who would show you round."

So off I trotted along the broad, well-kept pavements to Mr. Alf Gordon's. He was ready with that old West of England hand-grip. You know it when you feel it. He is chairman of the Bristol Old Boys' Society, and if he hustles all Bristolians

around when they get to Winnipeg, like he did me, they will know it. Firstly, he had someone who knew me, Mr. J. Hazel, who was off for a holiday to Vancouver. He had delayed his holiday by two days in order to see me. Now young Jim was the son of a neighbour of mine in Somerset for many years, and he told me that he knew where the best apple tree was in the old orchards at home. Now he has grown into a big Jim ; he has a little Jim of his own, and is a partner in a very fine business in Winnipeg.

Having seen him off on his journey West, Mr. Gordon then showed me what hustle meant. He popped me on a street car. Five cents will take a great distance down through the fine boulevard, Broadway, over to the stockyards. There are a hundred miles of track of city and suburban car-way. Then he took me over the Canadian Pacific Railway's yards, the largest in the world owned by one corporation. The immensity of these can only be appreciated when seen. I was particularly interested in the schools—the big, healthy-looking buildings, and the ample scope for exercise and the various appliances in the school yards, see-saws, swings, etc., to which the children had access after their school hours.

Next day a gentleman kindly motored me out to see the Manitoba Agricultural College. On the way thither we passed through a splendid building estate of only 3,000 acres in extent. I was assured that in

about five years this would be covered with houses. Then I was driven into the City Park of 270 acres, which a few years ago was a farm, but now is beautifully laid out with a fine pavilion and a zoological garden. Close to it a site of 160 acres has been given for the foundation of a University. To look at this city was to be convinced of its marvellous growth.

Then we called at the Agricultural College of Manitoba. The Principal is Professor W. J. Black, B.S.A., who has known what it is to hitch a team or split a pole, and he has seen that his staff has had a bit of practice to help their theory. Even the beehives were brought into the shrubbery close to the entrance. They had yielded upwards of 100 lbs. of honey. Then I was startled to hear that seven years previously weeds throve where this fine college now stood, and that already preparations were being made to leave it because it was too small. When the land was newly purchased in 1904, it cost 100 dollars an acre ; now 4,000 dollars an acre was required for an adjacent 10-acre lot. So a new site had been selected. When the college was first built it was for 70 students, but 100 entered. More accommodation was provided, until they grew to 236 last winter. This shows how the desire for agricultural knowledge is increasing. The school has a practical winter session, commencing in October and continuing to the end of March. By this means the farmers' sons are brought in.

I had a look at the farm stock, which were very much over-crowded. A representative group of Shorthorns, Herefords, Guernseys, Black Pools, Ayrshire and Holstein had been got together. A capital plan was that of summering the pigs out in colony houses on lucerne. When the new buildings are up there is evidently a future of utility before them. It would take a deal of inducement in England to crowd a college out with farmers' sons in seven years.

I determined next to see how the immigration problem was handled. Mr. Gelley, the Assistant Commissioner of Immigration at Winnipeg, most kindly showed me round the large building himself, and I was thus enabled to see the admirable way in which things were arranged. 150,000 immigrants are handled yearly, and are on the increase. First I was shown a book in which those in search of employment register their names and nationality. On one sheet there were thirty-five names of the following nationalities: American, Polish, Scotch, Danish, Norwegian, Canadian, Irish, English, German, French-Canadian and Austrian. All of these had been sent out for employment.

Then I saw the employers' register of wanted—G. T. Land, Winnipeg: 5 rough carpenters, 40 cents per hour; one first-class, 45 cents, preferably British. B. James, Forstier, G.T.P.: man for farm work, 50 dollars a month, board and lodging for good

man. Robert Young, Roland: experienced man, one month or longer, 40 dollars a month. Mr. Ole Parsons: Requirements—another Swede if possible. Karl Glowasky, Manitoba: Good man, monthly 40 to 45 dollars, any nationality, at once, urgent. Still another, Scotch, English or Irish. Thus it will be seen what diverse wants are filled. Then there was a special department for married couples and domestic servants.

I asked how the girls were cared for, and was informed that there was a girls' home of welcome in connection with the Y.W.C.A. This provides the girls with a temporary home until they can go to their employment. There is a kitchen in which meals may be cooked, and free rooms for a week, with water, light, fuel, soap and baths for those who are waiting. Even when they go away their luggage may be left without charge for months. On the walls was a notice printed in eleven languages. The Government, of course, is behind all this, but the immigrant is evidently a valuable asset and well cared for.

Just as I was hurrying away that night, Mr. Gordon came to decorate me with the Order of the Dolphin, the button of the Old Bristol Boys' Society at Winnipeg. By the by, the intended Exhibition is not quite such a prominent topic of conversation as it was, and seemingly Bristol's exhibit will have to go elsewhere. I met one of the shrewdest men in Winnipeg, and he was loud in his praises of the

commercial missionaries from Bristol. Each carried out his part with success in speaking and in other ways. I felt sorry to leave prosperous Winnipeg, but, like many others, had inclinations for the Golden West.

CHAPTER VII.

Saskatoon, Sask. Land transfer. Lessons learned by wandering. Building a Prairie University. Practical teaching. Visit to a 2,000 acre farm.

AFTER leaving Winnipeg I got out on the prairie district, and was well able to see what went to feed up that big town—the immense agricultural reserves beyond it. Still, the crops appeared unusually green to English eyes right here in the middle of August. The oats were grass-green, the wheat was just browning, and there was lots of hay. Each station we passed had one or more elevators. At Yorktown I counted six of these in a row. Then I saw the vast, rolling prairie, the dead-straight track of steel just merging into the clouds in the distance. Woods give no conception of distance as the vast prairies do.

The little stations had each its store. There were yoked oxen ploughing the land at Kandahar. Guernsey had quite a prosperous look, with its big elevators, its thrashing outfits, and good cattle and horses. As we neared Blucher, with its general store and post office, I saw just the first home plot, with its mangolds and potatoes, and the mistress of the house gathering a huge bunch from a fine bed of sweet-peas.

I had made up my mind to step off and look at Saskatoon, an unheard-of place in England a dozen years ago, but, if I am not much mistaken, one that will be very much in evidence in the future. Not knowing a soul in the town, I put my bag on an hotel bus and started up-town. I thought that I had just struck a builder's yard. One wheel was in mud and water up to the axle, the others on dry ground. A couple of motor-cars—these are automobiles over here—had sunk into some underground subsidence.

Having registered, I strolled out. Walking up an avenue, I spied on a door the name "Hansen." Taking pot-luck, I went into the office. A total stranger, I was received.

"Well, sir, I be kum over vrom Zummerzett. Can ye tell I a bit about this here place?"

"Well, stranger, I will. In 1902 there were not 200 people in this spot. There's a picture of it in 1903, when most of these were in tents. Now we have some 18,000, and you can literally see houses fly up. Town lots are at a premium; they are running up in value with each turnover."

"It's not the town, sir, I want to know."

"Well, about five miles out you can get non-improved land in quarter sections of 160 acres at about 50 dollars an acre."

By "non-improved" was meant with neither houses nor fences. Still farther out you will have to pay 20 to 25 dollars an acre; a four-roomed house

costs about 1,000 dollars, or £200, to erect, and nearly the same amount must go into a barn. The lumber company are generally content to take so much down and the remainder when the farmer harvests his crop in the autumn.

Mr. Hansen was then good enough to explain to me how easily land was transferred in Canada. If a farmer purchased land, it might be a cash-down transaction or a five or six years' purchase. The interest on this remaining money was usually left at six per cent., payable once yearly, in the autumn. The title-deeds with this mortgage upon it were held by the Government until the money was paid off; then the deeds are handed over, after having been stamped, showing that the money has been repaid, the cost being about a dollar for registration expenses. The original or first registration of title costs 3 dollars on amounts up to 500 dollars and a percentage beyond. Thus it will be seen how easily and cheaply land can be transferred in Canada. If a lawyer draws up a conveyance it costs only some 5 dollars, but his services are not really necessary.

"Now, sir," I asked, "can you tell me where I can see a really good prairie farm?"

He sat and reflected.

"Most of the farmers," he replied, "will be busy starting for harvest; few will be in town. What's your hotel number?"

I had taken up a full hour of a busy man's time.

Then I started for a walk round town. The streets are still of mother earth, harrowed down by a grader when the ruts get too deep ; the sidewalks were of cement concrete. One feature that arrested my attention was the really splendid houses that had been run up. Some were of brick, but the majority were of timber. No two houses were alike, each situate on its own plot of land, and had plenty of air circulating around it. Healthy children played about the doors and on the well-kept, grassy lawns. A fine new park had been laid out beside the Saskatchewan River. There was a general air of prosperity about the place. As I rambled back to the hotel I found a message that someone would be waiting at two o'clock next day to show me over a farm.

Good ; but I must do something with myself, so I made for the commercial side of the town. I noticed on the doors of a shop, " Waitress wanted. Board and room ; 30 dollars a month." " Man for well-drilling, 40 to 50 dollars and board room." Here were wages, indeed ! How did Saskatoon enjoy itself ? Yes, I must see that. I planked down my shilling, which entitled me to sit high in starland. No one should sit in the stalls of Drury Lane to study the workers' amusement of London. The gallery filled up. There were only two women there, but a more orderly set of galleryites no one could well wish to be amongst. A nice, wholesome playbill, some pictures, an interesting drama,

and advertisements of real estate on the drop-curtain.

Next morning I learned that the telephone exchange was constructed on the automatic principle. I had to cross the river rather early, as I desired to see the foundations laid of a Prairie University; but the suburbs of the city of Saskatoon had already crossed the river. New streets were being laid out, sewers dug; and I was thus enabled to see that the sandy, loamy soil went down below the 20 feet of the excavations, the real top being about 16 inches. This shows how deep-rooting plants like wheat or lucerne have an unlimited supply of food and moisture. Of course, when there is a small annual rainfall steps have to be taken to conserve the surface moisture. Even with the rich soil, summer fallowing has been found to be a most profitable process every third year. When a crop is taken from summer fallow land it is left idle, untouched. When the stubble is burnt off, it is then just disced over and the second crop sown, and this will be just as good as the first.

How wonderful it is to see the growth of a new city. The roads have to be graded (levelled), the gullies filled up, and the steep brows cut through. We preferred to walk. We saw a gang of men with a large concrete mixer, driven by a petrol engine; new houses springing up, and a row of three places of worship, and the bell was ready for hoisting into the tower of the little church. Then out on the open

plain I saw the progress being made in the building of a Prairie University.

I was fortunate, indeed, to meet with Dr. Murray, the Principal, and he most courteously spent a whole morning in showing me over the buildings that were in progress of erection. It was originally thought to use brick, but a timely discovery of boulders in the river bed, some three miles distant, enabled these to be used instead. Surely, if the building can be any indication of the future solidity of the University, it must be all that can be desired. I was taken up on to the roof of one of the buildings, and there everything was spread out before me as in a map. The land ran back into the prairie for one and a half miles, there being 1,333 acres in all, of which the campus will occupy 293 acres. The whole of this had been purchased at an average cost of 100 dollars an acre, and a portion which had been purchased at 75 dollars an acre two years ago was now being sought for at an offer of 550 dollars an acre. The agricultural work will be on the most up-to-date principles. The buildings are splendidly designed, and each professor was on the spot superintending erection. This especially impressed me. The barn is a huge building on stone foundations. There are a sheep barn and also a cattle stable.

One building particularly interested me. This was a theatre for judging. It accommodates 300 persons at once. Here the animals are brought in and the students are taught the various points.

Adjacent to this is an abattoir, so after the students have seen the animal alive, they have the further chance of noting how it kills out. In connection with the abattoir are refrigerating chambers. The well-managed college farm is under the charge of Dean Rutherford, and he had some splendid crops on it.

The University has taken over the Extension Department from the State Department of Agriculture. This has the oversight of the work of the agricultural societies, of which there are 75 with a membership of about 11,000. The judges for their fairs and competitions are provided by the Extension Department. The University spends many dollars yearly for this purpose, while the provincial grants amounted to 35,543.90 dollars in 1909. Through all these agencies the Extension Department seeks to reach the farmers. Institutes are held at various parts of the province—in winter, principally at railway points ; in summer, at more remote points.

The meetings are addressed by speakers provided by the Extension Department. In 1909, 161 meetings were arranged at a cost of 4,738 dollars ; the attendance reached about 7,245. Excursions to the experimental farm at Indian Head are usually held on two or three successive days. Between 2,000 and 3,000 attend. The cost in 1909 was 1,125 dollars. The Convention of Agricultural Societies is held in conjunction with the provincial local fair, usually in

January. The attendance reaches about 400 and the cost 1,000 dollars. The best available speakers are secured, and the discussions are of a very high order. It is proposed to hold institutes for extension workers. These institutes will extend over two or three days, and be not unlike training schools in character. It is estimated that the Extension Department reaches about 2,500 people at a cost of about 17,000 dollars.

There are in the province over 90,000 farmers. The director proposes to make women's work a more prominent feature, also to give more attention to the newer settlements. Special efforts are made to provide courses for men engaged in driving gasoline and steam engines. Professor Bracken has set out a quarter section, 160 acres, for experimental plots. He proposes to begin a series of soil fertility experiments, extending for three or four decades. The virgin prairie available should render these of the highest value, as so many other things, such as crop rotation, forage crops, plant improvement, and methods of tillage, can be worked in connection therewith. The College of Agriculture will not be open for students until the buildings are completed ; that is appointed for November, 1911. Meanwhile the professors of agriculture are engaged in extension work.

It will be seen that I have dealt principally with the agricultural side of this University, but all the other sciences and professions are to be represented—

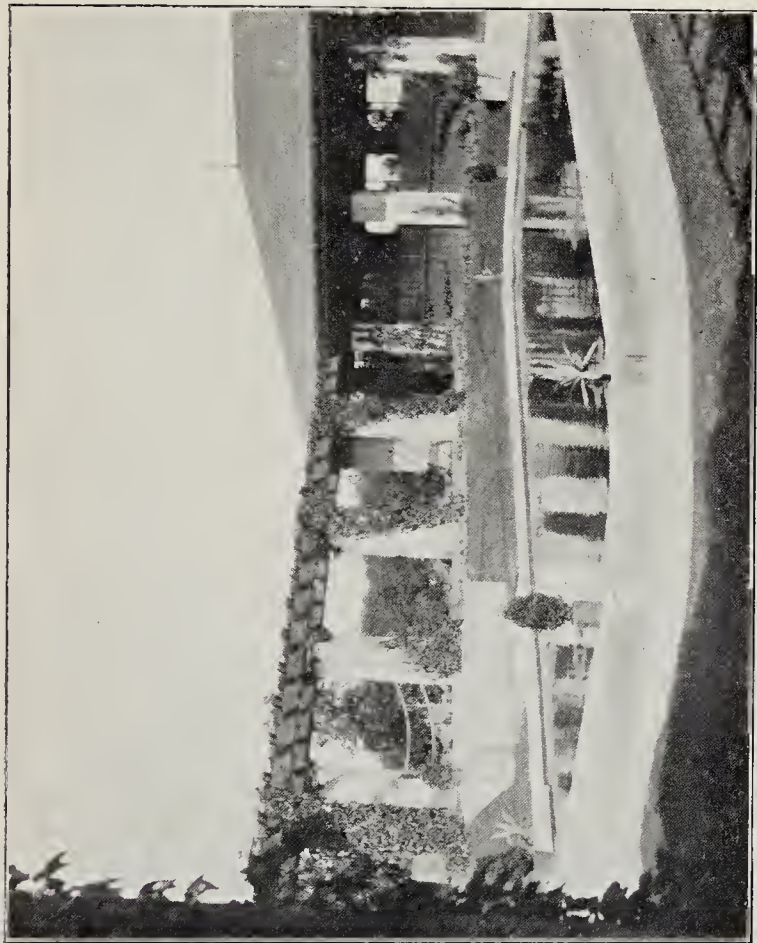
law, medicine, surveying, dentistry, veterinary, accounting, engineering, architecture, pharmaceutical chemistry, arts—and all will have their chance at this Prairie University, which is capable of indefinite expansion on a most lovely as well as utilitarian site. As I stood and gazed at those workmen earning their $2\frac{1}{2}$ dollars a day, I could not but think that the desire for education is much more rapidly realised by the provision of the necessary facilities in Canada than in the old country to-day. Here in Canada all education is to a practical end. Practice must come in somewhere in a student's life. Thus, no agricultural student can be received unless he has put in a year's practical work on a farm.

Punctually at two o'clock a motor drove up to the hotel door, driven by its owner, the Hon. W. C. Sutherland, Speaker of the Provincial House of Parliament, and off we went across roads and a country that would startle the average English chauffeur. Deep gopher's holes, mere ruts over plough land on the broad prairie, beautiful indeed with its many flowers. There were sun-flowers, gaillardia, bedstraws, and at least two kinds of Michaelmas daisies carpeting the surface with flowers, and a particularly beautiful dwarf wild rose. Then we ran into Mr. Sutherland's farm, which is just over 2,000 acres in extent. A 100-acre plot of flax just ripening off. There was an 18-bushel an acre crop, worth six shillings per bushel. Flax is

a grand cleaning crop, as it smothers all weeds ; but the roots pack the soil so tight that it is desirable to fallow it the year following. Next we passed between walls of living wheat, fully 10 sacks to the acre, and hundreds of acres. It was a sight, indeed !

At the farm there was a huge barn. Here I found Mr. Sutherland had some splendid Clydesdale horses ; a nice three-year-old by Royal Favourite. The stud animal was that well-known prize-winner on both sides of the Atlantic, Perpetual Motion. He won many championships at the Highland and other shows in Scotland, and has been champion eight times in Canada. A new barn, costing some 4,000 dollars, was being erected. It contained room for boxes, being 120 feet by 44 feet. Over the horses—which certainly had plenty of ventilation under 18-foot uprights — the fodder was placed.

From here we walked out to have a look at a grand piece of swedes. The mangels were not quite so good. As we were driven out to have a look at a fine lot of shorthorn cattle, principally of the Scotch type, I was pleased to note a grand heifer. This I learnt was by Whitehall Sultan, bred by Mr. J. Deane Willis, of Wiltshire. Running with the cows was an Uppermill bull. The prettiest picture, perhaps, was Lady Aberdeen and her calf, which were just back after having taken first position at Regina Fair.



Pergola in the Assiniboine Park, Winnipeg.

I then made an acquaintance I do not wish to renew. We were attacked by a swarm of winged black ants. Our faces, arms, necks, and anywhere else where they could alight were injected with liquid agony. Mr. Sutherland said they never stopped in a place more than a day and never more than once a year. Where they came from was not known. A friend of the party tried a little rifle shooting on the gophers, an animal very tame, but which does an immense amount of mischief with the grain.

The prairies will not stand close pasturing, as nothing comes the second year, so breaking follows. The local light horse, which has a deal of blood in it, is known as standard bred. The sheep on the prairie were some excellent Shropshires. These have to be netted in from the coyotes.

Inquiring as to telephonic communication, which all farmers appear to have, Mr. Sutherland informed me that the farmers formed co-operative companies for the purpose. It cost about 100 dollars to instal the telephone, as the Government provided the poles free, and 6 dollars was sufficient for the upkeep afterwards. On our way back I was afforded a startling instance of the growth of the city. It was in the form of three schools close together. There was the little square building the first, then a much larger one as second, and now a still larger building has been erected. It was an object lesson as to the growth of

this town that could not be disregarded. When I left another feature impressed me. It was that not a single extension of the "incurved hand"—which means a tip—was put forth. Saskatoon must evidently have a way to do without this terror of travel.

CHAPTER VIII.

Ready-made farms. The "Lady Settler." Edmonton and Strathcona. Some agricultural facts. An instance of speculation.

HAVING just cleared Saskatoon, I was most agreeably surprised to fall in with a party of American editors who had been touring Canada. With them was Mr. Ernest Cawcroft, Jamestown, N.Y., who still retained very pleasing recollections of his tour through Somerset and Devon last year. Then I witnessed one of the most vivid thunderstorms that I ever saw, and didn't the rain come down ! It was in the middle of the night when we stepped off at Sedgewick, and sought the shelter of the local hostelry. Next morning a sort of mist had settled down on the prairie. The roads were very wet from the previous night's storm. Still, we hired a rig. This is one of those very light-built conveyances, with very narrow wheels, and a pair of horses. We started off for a tour to see some of the ready-made farms of which we have heard so much in England.

It was strange to be driving out on a prairie trail. Not a stone. Only that deep black loam, held

together by the fibrous roots of the grasses of ages. We passed some of the early homesteaders' homes. These were in several instances put up of turves only, and covered in with the same, the barns and other buldings being of a similar description. Some houses, however, were rather more pretentious, and there were fairly good crops. Much farther out we came to the ready-made farm colony. Here the fencing was made stronger, split cedar-wood posts being used instead of willow and scrub rods to carry the barbed wire, of which three rows are used.

The first man I called upon was a Welshman, and he had some rare working material clinging around his door. He had several cows of an unusual breed, and after carefully looking over them I found that they had a great deal of the Longhorn in their blood. I drove along a little farther, and found a Scotsman, hard, level-headed. His farm looked excellent. These ready-made farmhouses consist of four rooms. The next was a man from Durham. He was a true farmer. He indulged in a bit of a grumble. He had come out late. Cattle had got into his oats; they had trodden his wheat. The potatoes had come up uneven, and he could not get the steam plough to do the breaking. However, he had in the month of his residence managed to make a path of drift pebbles, outlined it with pieces of specimen rock, and set up an old buffalo-skull that had been ploughed out. So it was pretty evident that he was settling also.

Then I came to two others. These had made entrance gates, and laid out very pretty flower and vegetable gardens, in which nearly everything was doing well. One of these occupants told me that previous to coming out he had farmed just three acres in Cheshire, and now here he was on 160 acres, with grand crops. I mentioned about the other settler's inability to get his land broken. "Why in the world did he not come to the rest of us, and we would have done it for him, as we have all broken ours early?" Then one of them showed me his underground dairy and capital butter. By this time the rain came down a real soaker, and yet I made up my mind to go and see the lady settler, Miss Jack May. Miss May did a little farming in Norfolk before she came out here and took up her half-section.

As we drove up to the door we received a hearty welcome from Miss Jack and her lady friend. It must be admitted that her home was natty. The most had been made of the furniture. There were flowers arranged on the tables. Inquiries showed that Miss Jack liked her farm very much. She had cut plenty of hay, and without doubt she had the finest dairy cow that I had seen in that part of the country. She brought out a fine lot of butter, but I was surprised to hear that she could obtain only $7\frac{1}{2}$ cents per lb. for it. (Later I learnt that this state of affairs was because they had not co-operated, thereby finding a distant and more remunerative

market.) A tragedy had nearly occurred the day before, as during the storm the electric fluid had struck the windmill, and running down had found a metallic clothes-line, from which it had flashed into the hen-coop, killing twenty-two chickens and blinding the old hen. As to the coyotes, one of these had fallen to Miss Jack's steady aim, and she hoped to enjoy some sport in the fall when the crops were in.

By this time the rain was descending in waterfalls, and a drive over mere prairie trails under such circumstances was something to be remembered. Through miniature lakes knee-deep the sturdy horses splashed. One would have thought that such water on such roads would have lasted for weeks, but by next morning it was nearly gone ; in fact, it is truly remarkable how these prairies absorb the moisture. The skill of the farmer is shown in assisting them to retain it. I had heard of the life of the Wild West, but it did not look as though life was so very wild when these two girls could have a home of their own all alone out on the open prairie.

Having left Sedgewick in the early hours of Monday morning, we came across to Edmonton and Strathcona. I had heard much of these joint towns, and must admit having been just a bit disappointed. There was an air of negligence about the place. The houses appeared to be constructed on the hard lines of utility, without that nattiness that infallibly indicates "home." The streets were veritable

“Sloughs of Despond,” the wheels of the vehicles sinking up to the axles. A fine Parliament building is being erected, and I was fortunate in being enabled to go into the garden that has been set apart to keep the trees, etc., in trim. Here some fruit trees had been planted, but were carrying no fruit. The vegetables, however, were superb, the cauliflowers especially. Here I saw the finest rows of peas that I had ever set eyes on. I learnt that they had been grown from English seed, Sutton’s “Best of All,” planted by a Scotch gardener. It was evident that the soil of Edmonton could grow vegetables and flowers, but the inhabitants in general apparently had not any inclination to do so.

A drop into the Ministry of Agriculture to inquire as to agricultural education. There is an Agricultural College looming in the future in connection with the new University. The professors have been taken off the demonstration railway cars, and are establishing experimental farms instead. About the most up-to-date thing in connection with agriculture at Edmonton was its poultry establishment. Good work is being done here.

We crossed the river by means of a very curious ferry, which was worked entirely by the flow of the stream. The main traffic on this consisted of wagon-loads of gravel, which on either entering or leaving the ferry had to drop into a V-shaped trench, from which it took half a dozen horses to drag them out.

Perhaps in the future when the new C.P.R. bridge has been finished matters may improve. All the waiting was done by Japanese. There is a fearful Jacob's Ladder leading up from the river. Having climbed this, I caught the afternoon train away for —anywhere. It was crowded. We were going through a cattle-keeping district. The corn-growing was far back.

I had a comfortable seat. A smart young lady and a middle-aged one occupied the next. First, Miss had to remove her hat and display her lovely hair. Then she wanted to prod her hatpins into the back of the seat before her. The wire being soft and the upholstery material good, this was a matter of difficulty. These matters settled, Miss produced a bag of peaches. Having demolished them, she started on some candies, with chewing-gum to follow. A little later the lady tried her pearly teeth on some crisp pea-nuts. After about forty miles' travel, Miss exclaimed, "I wish I had brought a cushion. I am so tired." Then Madame Middleage chipped in with the trite remark, "Laziness." I heard the conductor remark, "Red Deer," so I thought, "Here's the place," and taking my grip (a bag is a grip over here), descended, and, making my way to the nearest hotel, registered, safe as regards a roosting-place. Every hotel is overflowing in Western Canada.

I went out and had a look at a remarkably pretty town garden. Then, strolling along, looked in at the

shop windows. A furniture store struck me, or rather a notice did—"Early English furniture." Fancy, art furniture so far across the prairies! Quite a number of houses are put up with attention to beauty as well as utility.

Next morning I just walked across to the office of the Board of Trade, and found the Publicity Commissioner, Mr. J. R. Davison, in possession of one of the best-adapted offices I ever saw. The ceiling was decorated with bunches of various local-grown grain. On the walls were arranged a collection of eighty-two varieties of prairie grasses. Over a chair-back were samples of local tanning. Mr. Davison had his authenticated information at his fingers' ends. He said that it was a grand dairy district, that Holsteins, Jerseys, Ayrshires and other cattle were kept; that the record Jersey cow of the world was just round about. She had yielded from February 25th, 1909, to February 24th, 1910, 10,870 lbs. of milk, with an average of 5.37 per cent. butter-fat, equal to 729.69 lbs. of butter. In the second year, from May 24th, 1910, to May 23rd, 1911, this cow—Rosalind of Old Basing—yielded 11,276½ lbs. of milk, average butter-fat 5.3 per cent., butter-fat equal to 745,027 lbs. of 80 per cent. butter. In the two seasons she had yielded 22,147 lbs. of milk.

Then Mr. Davison alternated his time between me and his Horticultural Show Committee, who were just arranging for their first big show and garden-

judging competition. This Society last spring purchased 600 spruce and Balm of Gilead trees, which they retailed to householders at cost price to beautify their gardens. The Society also provides plans for houses, these combining beauty with utility. A farmer's letter was produced, in which he said that in a quarter section of land, with a few cows, a few hogs, and one hundred hens, he would have no need to have a Government pension. I was surprised to hear that Russian eggs and Australian mutton were being imported into Red Deer. Yet mutton was hard to get at a shilling per lb. Cattle would, and did, fatten on prairie hay in the winter alone, and on the grass in summer, without the assistance of either corn or cake.

Inquiring as to the cost of such land, I was informed that in its wild state it was 15 dollars, and improved by fencing and building from this to 30 dollars. Farmers particularly wanted English shepherds and English agricultural labourers. Both cattle and horses are run in the open prairie in the winter. The former may get their ears cropped and the latter lose their tails from frost-bite, but they fatten and come in at the spring in far better condition than those that have been housed.

"Cold here?"

"Yes, we touch 50 below zero sometimes, but it's a dry cold. A man who could do well out here is a rough glovemaking, one who could make strong gloves and coats from our own tanned hides."

Whilst chatting thus, Mr. Davison remarked, "There's Mr. Sharman, the owner of that record cow."

He came in and greeted us. "There now, I wish I could have driven you over to see them, but I am off at once by this noon train. There are the mother, daughter, and granddaughter that have yielded over a ton of butter during the past year."

This fairly staggered me, and having safely seen Mr. Sharman in the train, I hurried back to the nearest livery stable, hired a rig, and started off to see these world-record Jerseys, some five miles out across the prairie. What splendid soil!—that rich black loam, which had been purchasable at £3 per acre. Many an English farmer pays such rent annually for land not so good. Here, like everywhere else, the unusual rainfall had kept the crops growing long beyond the usual period. The only trouble the farmers have is as to whether they will ripen before the frost comes.

Arrived at the farm, I found Mrs. Sharman, was shown the herd and the three world-famous cows. The actual record I here append:—

OFFICIAL TWELVE MONTHS' TEST

OF TEN HEAD OF JERSEYS, "SEVEN COWS AND THREE HEIFERS," IN THE HERD OF C. A. JULIAN-SHARMAN,
AT OLD BASING FARM, RED DEER, ALTA.

Name.			Lbs. Milk.	Lbs. Fat.	Butter 80 Average per cent. test.
Rosalind of Old Basing	..	Feb. 25, 1909, to Feb. 24, 1910	10870.75	583.75	727.18
Rosalind of Old Basing	..	May 24, 1910, to May 23, 1911	11276.50	596.02	745.02
Queen of Pembroke	..	June 16, 1909, to June 15, 1910	9565.25	389.84	487.31
Lona of Old Basing	..	June 1, 1909, to May 31, 1910	6825.5	407.98	509.98
Daisy Craig	..	Sept. 14, 1909, to Sept. 13, 1910	7169.5	385.10	481.37
Blue Lois	..	Feb. 1, 1910, to Jan. 31, 1911	5110.5	291.15	363.94
Croppy of Belvedere	..	Feb. 22, 1910, to Feb. 21, 1911	8350.5	441.58	551.98
Lady Cicero	..	July 13, 1910, to July 12, 1911	5015.5	282.53	353.17
Clarice of Old Basing	..	Sept. 8, 1910, to Sept. 7, 1911	8102.	457.37	571.71
Violet of Belvedere	..	Nov. 11, 1909, to Nov. 10, 1910	10639.	461.64	577.05
Total per annum	83525.	4297.01	5368.76
Average per animal	8352.5	429.701	536.87

Returns from cream sold in Calgary, as Jersey
cream, and skim-milk fed to Calves .. Average \$219.41
Less per head for feed .. 30.00

\$189.41

Value of calf at twelve months with cost of feed deducted 100.00

Average Net returns from each animal for twelve months'
test \$289.41

Net Returns from Ten head .. \$2894.

Each animal milked for 365 days in the
test.

The Canadian Jersey is of a far more robust type than the English Jersey, bigger in the frame and deeper in the build. There were some forty head in this herd, but as the tests were made by Canadian Government officials I was content. So I drove back to Red Deer.

There, whilst having something to eat, I met with an instance of speculation. Two States farmers had brought their wives up on a tour in an automobile. The wives had gone shopping, the men were having a look round. They all came into luncheon. Then the announcement was made. One "hubby" had purchased a quarter section, the other had been so impressed with a half section that besides paying down his surplus cash he had sold the automobile to fulfil the monetary obligations. Those wives' faces were indeed a study. When the men had retired, one said to the other resignedly, "Who would have thought of that? We must go back by train and pack, and if we don't like it we can 'pull out' again in two years' time."

I had half a mind to pull out, too, when I went over a half-section of the finest black soil that man could wish to run his plough into at £3 per acre, freehold. The Red Deer men appear to have found out the merits of mixed farming, and there is apparently an unlimited market for their products.

CHAPTER IX.

Calgary. At Lethbridge. Examples of enterprise. Some interesting cattle. A breeder's views. An experimental farm. Calgary. The ready-made farm. Meeting a Somerset man. Off to the Rockies. Mountain climbing. At the Great Divide.

LEAVING Red Deer, I reached Calgary in the evening, and it was well that accommodation had been secured in advance, as the hotels were all overbooked. This seems to be a particularly thriving town, and is growing by leaps and bounds. The capitalists have benefited greatly by the irrigation of the land east of here, a scheme that has cost the Canadian Pacific Railway millions of dollars. This was what I had come to see, but I also desired to know more about the University scheme. So I was motored high up on to a tableland, from which most magnificent views are obtainable. There were the rugged outlines of the snow-capped Rockies, some eighty miles distant, whilst on the other side was the rolling prairie as far as the eye could distinguish it until it merged into the horizon.

Dr. Blow is the mainspring of this movement. He obtained a gift of 640 acres of land for the site, 3,500 feet above sea level. Other owners of contiguous

land promised five per cent. on their sales. The city of Calgary has given 150,000 dollars, the citizens have donated 221,000 dollars, and it is hoped to raise 150,000 dollars more when the canvass is complete. The scheme has been in existence only eighteen months. The hope of the promoters is that someone may feel inclined to give the main building, and then the University would start into existence forthwith. Contrast this rapidity of educational methods of a young country with the slower movements of some of the older ones.

When I was out for this drive it was most noticeable how Calgary was growing in every direction. No sooner did the street-car line extend than the houses sprang up, and the real estate men naturally rejoiced. I was taken for a motor drive by Master Blow, who at fourteen years of age is an expert chauffeur. When out sometimes a boulder has to be negotiated. Will the axle clear it? A rut—will the wheel ever get out of it? Indeed, it is truly wonderful how cars are handled on the prairies.

My friend and I were to part on the morrow: he was off to shoot a few ducks, whilst I was going to Lethbridge Fair. I had to "stand" him a dinner if he shot a duck. I happened to chum up with a shrewd American farmer, who was certainly the best hand at the ropes I ever met. It was a question whether I should sleep in a hotel or on a clothes-line. Somehow he found that the Hoo Hoos, a lumberman's society, had chartered some berths in

a sleeper, and we secured two of the vacant ones. A real jolly set of fellows! I was duly initiated into the mysteries of how to make money in the lumbering line, if I so desired.

The town of Lethbridge is not known to the everyday tripper. It is a colliery district. Unhappily a strike was in progress, so I did not see quite as much of the industrial side as of the agricultural view. Here two systems of farming are in practice—wet and dry farming. Before going to the fair I had a look at this well-appointed town. The roads are laid out on the boulevard system, and the houses are clean, with plenty of air space around them, and well cared for.

I was fortunate enough to get a permit from the officer commanding the fine corps of North-West Mounted Police to view the barracks, and Sergeant-Major Humby kindly showed me almost everything there was to see. He informed me that the men are expected to be able to ride forty miles per day, and showed me the different construction of the saddle as compared with an English-made one. On going through the stables I noticed the very fine type of horse that was being used. Some of these had been in the Coronation procession in London. The brand-marks were shown, and how they had been vented or cancelled by the sellers. It becomes increasingly difficult to get these good horses, as ranchers now ask for heavier breeds. I had a glance at the cells in which an Indian was under restraint for having par-



*Mr. Sclanders, Secretary of the Board of Trade, Saskatoon,
in his demonstration garden.*



*One of the best Clydesdales in Canada. The Hon. W. C. Sutherland's
"Perpetual Motion."*

taken of the " fire water " of the whites. Though it is a criminal offence to sell liquor to an Indian, the latter will never own up as to who supplied him with it.

As I left these barracks I could not but note what a fine body of men were these North-West Mounted Police. There must be something more than the mere pay to hold them together. Never could a police force be better respected.

The next problem was how to get to the fair. A Blood Indian was there with his rig, and so John Tallow, his squaw, and papoose, with my friend and myself, surrounded by half a dozen Indian dogs went out in fine style to the fair, or rather what we know as a show in England. On the way we passed a very fine school. In the matter of providing schools Canada is far ahead of us ; new schools can be easily obtained. Any area not more than five miles in length or breadth, having four actual residents who are liable to assessment, may be organised into a school district, provided that there are in the district twelve children between the ages of five and sixteen years inclusive. This school district can issue debentures for the purpose of raising money to build a school-house, the payment of which forms the basis of the school-tax on the land in the district. The cost of maintaining the school is small, as the Government makes a liberal grant each year towards the teacher's salary, and also inspects the school twice a year to see that it is up to the proper standard.

I learned this as I was being driven across the rolling prairie, with an Indian camp in the distance beside a lake.

We came to the big permanent show buildings, the main building of which had been erected in eighty-eight days. There was a huge grand-stand, capable of accommodating 5,000 people, but the solidly-built judges' kiosks prevented most people from seeing the winning contact in the races with the ribbon. This and the absence of lighting from the roof in the various sheds were the only drawbacks to a permanent showyard which we should welcome at home.

How this yard was obtained shows the remarkable finance of the towns. The old Agricultural Society owned 40 acres of land very near the town. On this it had a floating debt of 5,000 dollars. The Society handed this over to the city, who forthwith converted it into a town site. It retained 5 acres for a city park, put up the remaining 35 acres in plots, and sold 67,000 dollars' worth straight away. The other lots in hand would bring the value up to 90,000 dollars. The city acquired land farther out, and spent the 90,000 dollars in converting it into a fair-ground or show-yard—a fine piece of financial management.

First of all I had a look at the produce section. Here there were some very fine contrasts between wet and dry farming. The Mormons from the Raymond Colony made a very fine display of fruits

and grain. Looking at the roots, sugar beets and mangels, I noticed that nearly all of these had dense masses of fibrous roots, indicating that the Canadians do not cultivate deep enough. It was most interesting to hear the various remarks: "There's a Joe Dandy exhibit," "You can raise those to just beat the band." I wonder what an English girl would say of another who went to the North-East Farmers' Club Show wearing a big tab with the motto, "Cheer up; don't worry," or with a sash over her shoulder with the encouragement, "If you love me, grin."

When we had had our bit of luncheon, we had to start on the celery first. We go the other way about in the old country. I had as table companion Professor Buffun, of Wyoming, who had just brought out a fine variety of "Emmer." The first year he obtained two and a half quarts, nearly all of which were killed by winter frosts. From those that survived in the second year he had thirty-four bushels; these rolled into 710 bushels in the third year, and this year he estimated that he will have some 20,000 bushels. It makes a very good winter feed. I was also greatly struck with some of the very fine needlework shown.

But I desired to see the live stock. Coming first to the poultry, it was evident that hardy breeds of fowls, such as Plymouth Rocks and Wyandottes, were doing best. The softer-fleshed Mediterranean breeds were not thriving. The descriptions were

interesting. Thus ducks were described as being male and female ducks. As regards the geese, they were described on the labels as being "cock goose," "hen goose," "cockerel goose," and "pullet goose." Truly it looked strange to see a Toulouse hen. There were also geese of Embden, Chinese, and African breeds. Pekins were the favourite ducks. There were no Aylesburys, but some Rouens and Indian Runners.

There were some very useful cattle, including some very fine Holsteins. Shorthorns were weak. Ayrshires were mostly of the modern, very white type, whilst the Angus cattle were good. It appeared to me, however, that the dairy cattle were small, and I also expected to have seen some Herefords amongst the beef-makers. The sheep exhibits were not over strong. There were some very fair pigs; but I was more than interested in the horses, particularly the heavy breeds. A few very nice Suffolks, but they could not compare with the Shires. If this breed could be obtained with a little less hair about the legs, it would become quite as popular as the Clydesdales, except on ranches where Scotchmen hold the sway. There were a few Belgians, but there is not nearly enough of these to hold the Canadian market.

As regards the Clydesdales, it appeared to me as though some of these were a bit light in the waist, and had not the constitution of the others. Pride of place had to be given to Mr. George Lane's Per-

cherons. Never, even in France, have I seen such a splendid collection of sound animals. His team of six, harnessed to the wagon, was a sight long to be remembered. I subsequently heard that this breeder has over 600 registered Percherons, constituting the finest stud of this breed in the world. This team, if seen in England, would create even as great an impression as Messrs. Armour's did when they were sent over.

I soon learnt Mr. Lane's history. He was poor once. He then picked two sacks of maple seeds. Having sold them for 10 dollars, he purchased two calves. Now he has an enormous cattle trade, owns ranches, and is one of those shrewd business men with whom it is a pleasure to talk. These, in brief, were his views. Shire horses must have less hair. Clydesdales must have more top and constitution. At present the breeders looked to legs and feet, nothing else; they had no tops. As to Suffolks, they had not been in the country long enough to be properly tried. Belgians were good, and suited the climate, but there was not enough of them. With regard to Percherons, both United States and Canada were taking the very best that France had and could breed, and he only wondered why French breeders permitted them to do it. Talking of sheep, he had found a Shropshire merino cross an excellent one. The Southdowns had done well; he believed there was an immense future for sheep. As to cattle, the best beef-makers were Shorthorns and Herefords;

for dairy purposes, Shorthorn, but not of the Scotch type. He considered that harm was being done in advocating tender breeds, such as Jerseys for the dairy, having regard to climatic conditions. On one point Mr. Lane was very insistent, that was to beware of Scotch crosses. He had lost thousands of dollars by using Galloway blood, which meant from 100 lbs. to 150 lbs. less carcase weight. I asked him why, as I had noticed a lot of cattle with a tinge of black in them. "Because of them Scotchmen. They have got all the best positions, and they will persist in bringing out Scotch breeds. But, above everything, this country wants mixed farming."

Such were Mr. Lane's ideas. Referring to how commissions were filled from across the seas, Mr. Lane's remark was, "You get the animal that you don't want at full cost. If you can't go yourself, send your best man."

Professor Fairfield, the Principal of the Government Experimental Farm, which is situate close to Lethbridge, was kind enough to take me in a motor to see it. Here the farmer can obtain information direct. As regards irrigation, I was somewhat surprised to learn that the soil only needed to be flooded once, being fully covered for one hour, when the grain pushes through the earth, to ensure a crop.

As we drove beside a piece of oats and wheat, I saw what a terrible significance the words "hailed out" means. The ears of wheat were cut clean off, as with a knife, and every grain was beaten out of the

clusters of oats ; in fact, the crops were converted into mere stubble. Happily, these hailstorms do not take very wide belts, but evidently where they occur they hit. I noticed that all the shelter trees had been planted in cultivation. There were some very fine raspberries and blackberries growing and fruiting. They are protected by bending them down, and ploughing them in during the late autumn and unearthing them in the spring. There was a fine lot of experimental plots set out, and I thought how fortunate a farmer must be to be situate near such an institution.

Hurrying back to the showyard, I was fortunate enough to witness an Indian parade. These sons of the prairies and the woods appeared in all the paraphernalia of feathers and war-paint, riding on their spirited bronchos, painted like themselves. One can imagine what must have been the feeling of the settlers in those days, with these bloods on the war-path, and before they signed those treaties, for as long as the sun shines and water flows. After this we went down to the Indian village, where the chiefs sat in quaintly-decorated tepees, the smoke from the fire within curling out from the top. But there was heard in that camp the cough of the White Scourge.

Later in the evening an Indian Pow-wow was held in the show-yard. There was the war dance, also the dance of peace, as it could be nothing else when it was specially designed for the squaws to show off their best finery. True, it was a most picturesque

sight—one to be remembered, as these realistic Indian gatherings are fast dying out. One other thing was noticeable—nearly everyone was wearing a badge of the Nursing Mission. This Mission commenced four years ago, to provide a nurse in cases of sickness, and also relief to new people coming in who fall by the wayside. The movement has grown to such an extent, that now two trained nurses are kept at a cost of 150 dollars a month. So I returned to Calgary, after a well-spent day in Lethbridge.

Next day I wanted to see a little more of the ready-made farms. In England last winter I had heard Mr. Hal Carleton tell of what he was doing, or going to do, at Nightingale, so I figured out that if I went down that day I could not well come back again. Then someone in the smoke-room said, "Why not work in the Demonstration Farm at Strathmore?" So, taking train, off I started. It was a long way down country, and I arrived in the afternoon. There I met a Scotsman, who had been looking at the Duke of Sutherland's new estate at Brooks. He found the ducal front gate to consist of three strands of barbed wire. He told me he would join in a rig to see the farm; and this was an important consideration, as a rig costs a dollar an hour.

I was once more in luck's way, as Professor Elliott had just returned from Calgary, and promptly set out to show me the farm. I learned that it was one the old settlers would not accept; but here it was now, by means of the life-giving water and manage-

ment, a veritable oasis. Firstly, I was shown some Hannachen barley from Svaloff, in Sweden. There was unmistakable evidence that the straw was not sufficiently stiff to carry the head. Close beside it was an improved Banner oat from the Western States, known as the Swedish Select, which last year yielded 110 bushels per acre. The next crop, the German Legume Serredella, did not do well, and had been ploughed in to get rid of the weeds, not only from good management, but also to conform with Alberta's Weed Act, under which an inspector has comprehensive powers, one of which enables him to cut a farmer's weedy crop right down and charge the expense of so doing as a first charge on the land. This was certainly interesting information.

New Zealand barley was doing well. Then came the dressing of seed wheat with formalin. A mixture of 1 lb. to 20 gallons of water killed the wheat; but with 1 lb. to 30 gallons it killed the smut, and all was right. A very fine piece of Chevalier barley, if ripened right, would have looked well at the Brewers' Exhibition in London. There was a nice piece of lucerne, which appears to be likely to constitute the Canadian farmers' most suitable fodder crop. Here an experiment was being made in a sloo hole to remove alkali by means of underground drainage. A splendid piece of strawberries was grown by covering with horse-manure litter from late autumn to May. A tremendous yield had been obtained of the Senator Dunlop variety.

The young apple trees had suffered from spring sun-scald, and to prevent this in future maple bushes had been planted amongst them. They keep on the farm 141 head of stock, of which 50 are milch cows. Three men do all the work. The cows are milked by machinery, two men attending the machine, whilst one follows after and strips. More milk had been obtained by hand-milking, but the saving in time and labour by the machine far outweighed the slight gain in milking by the hand method. The barn was well arranged, the floors being set out at various lengths to accommodate the cows. The herd, which is principally Holstein, with some Shorthorns, gives an average yield of 3.75 fat, which is well above the Government requirements of 3.25.

Co-operative schools and classes, arranged by the Government and the Canadian Pacific Railway, are held at this farm. At one of these classes 200 farmers were in the building at ten o'clock in the morning. Judging competitions are a great feature. Here also were some tomato-houses, that reminded me of Guernsey.

It soon got dark. The rig had been sent back, and we had the benefit of striking a sodden prairie trail on a wet, black night—a Wedmore drove was not in it. Of course, no one but a coloured man cleans boots in Canada, and he collects 15 cents for the proprietor of the shine and expects 10 for himself, so there's a shilling gone at once.

Next morning we were about at six to catch our

rig at half-past; but as it did not turn up by nine o'clock, we got hold of another, driven by a rare character. Someone else wanted to join in, but he was adamant. "I have not got a rig for four," said he; "three men, indeed, are plenty for two horses." And off we went. The whole district was out banging at the ducks. Considering the quantity of duck that is eaten during the last week in August, there must be splendid capacity about the average digestion in Canada.

Our driver was an old hand. He had been cowboy, fed the Indians with beef, been a homesteader, a settler of the old type, who could read the prairie like a book. A new house was going up, a "ready-mader." I got off and inspected. A very comfortable home indeed, with a good barn and fowl-house attached.

"What about the land?" "It will grow everything, but those fellows who come out don't know how to farm," says Jehu. "Why?" "Cause they puts all their produce in a rig with a wheel loose. If it runs it's all right; if it don't, well—— They ought to go in for mixed farming."

He had a special language of his own when he struck a trail and found that a section had been fenced at the other side. "Can't go the same road two days now. 'Twill soon be all wire and posts." Then he looked at a bog, and put the horses through it. If we stuck it meant a dig out. Across the bare prairie we went, with the observation, "Oh, the

roads will be all right when they are graded, but there was no one here three years ago. There's a Dutchman there, a German over there, an Englishman came in there last week, and now that Scotchman has stopped the trail."

This latter as we saw a rail across it with the inscription, "No road." But, however, our driver knew the way, and made one. Even if it did rain it was an interesting drive indeed, to see the settlers preparing to break and settle on the land. The virgin prairie one side of the barbed wire; on the other side, not cultivation, but just ploughing.

After about a dozen miles of this we came to Nightingale, where they have actually one train a week, but they will run more frequently when the country settles. Here indeed was a smiling valley. The grain was just turning colour, but half a dozen horses in a piece of oats would not improve their yield. There were trim holdings, some not quite so much so, but it was easy to see that the man who had made up his mind to do was doing. Crops were looking well.

Mr. Carleton, the owner, answered the door, hammer in hand. He dropped it to grasp my hand. "Why, fancy seeing you here, instead of at Chew Magna! But come right in. I have been knocking down a partition to shift it."

And then I saw that he had put in a bay window. Now if it runs to bay windows out on the prairies, I thought that life could not certainly be so bad.

Said he, "After your drive you must want something. Wife, put it out." Then came a reminder of the days that I have known in England, when the old yeoman's table groaned under what he had grown. Here the bread was made from home-grown wheat, the potatoes, the other vegetables, and even the veal itself had been home produced. Surely what could a man more desire than to produce such, and have a wife to prepare it for him, as a domestic help otherwise is practically unknown in Canada?

We went to see the crops. First of all there was a fine piece of lucerne, which, however, had been caught in the rain. Then a grand piece of wheat, which Mr. Carleton was desirous of getting registered for seed corn, as much of the wheat grown in Canada is badly mixed. A fine piece of peas, and then some fifty acres of other wheat. How smiling it looked, and a yield of between eight and nine sacks per acre might be justly anticipated. Never could a farmer wish to see his holding more prosperous.

I inquired why a plot of land was being fenced in. It was to start a flock of pure-bred sheep, which Mr. Carleton had got someone to purchase for him down in Ontario. He told me the whole colony was preparing to compete for Sir Thomas Shaughnessy's silver cup, which was given for the best evidence of farming and general appearance of the farm, with machinery, stock, and crops. Later, I suggested to the proper quarters that if this cup was melted into a pen of pure-bred sheep, it would be far more useful

to the man who won it, and to the dwellers in the colony as well. There was a general appearance of prosperity about this colony that I liked well.

Once more back across the prairies. The sun brought out a few mosquitoes from the sloos or swamps, but they did not follow us up on the drier lands. It was really a wonderful drive, showing how practically arid prairie land, of little original value, could be converted into areas of fertility just by means of a few ditches of water, but very large sums in the aggregate have been spent on this irrigation scheme, as the acreage brought under profitable cultivation is so vast.

There is scarcely any defining what can be done here when farmers have learnt intensive methods of cultivation, instead of merely scratching the earth and corn growing. I was well pleased with my visit to Nightingale, as it was not nearly such a lonely place as I pictured it to be. Truly it is wonderful how the prairies are being taken up and settled. One's nearest neighbour is generally half a mile distant, but that is not far on these open, rolling prairies. Back again to Calgary, to continue my investigations farther westward.

It was by an early morning train that I left progressive Calgary, where traction engines may be seen pulling houses along the streets, and space is so valuable that some houses are down before they can be put up. On the train, and there were the Rockies

glinting in the sunshine, seemingly close at hand ; yet some eighty miles away across the prairie we went, until we began to ascend the foothills, and nearer and nearer we came to those immense masses of rock. How sublime they looked, with their snow-clad crests, or standing in a dull, sombre splendour !

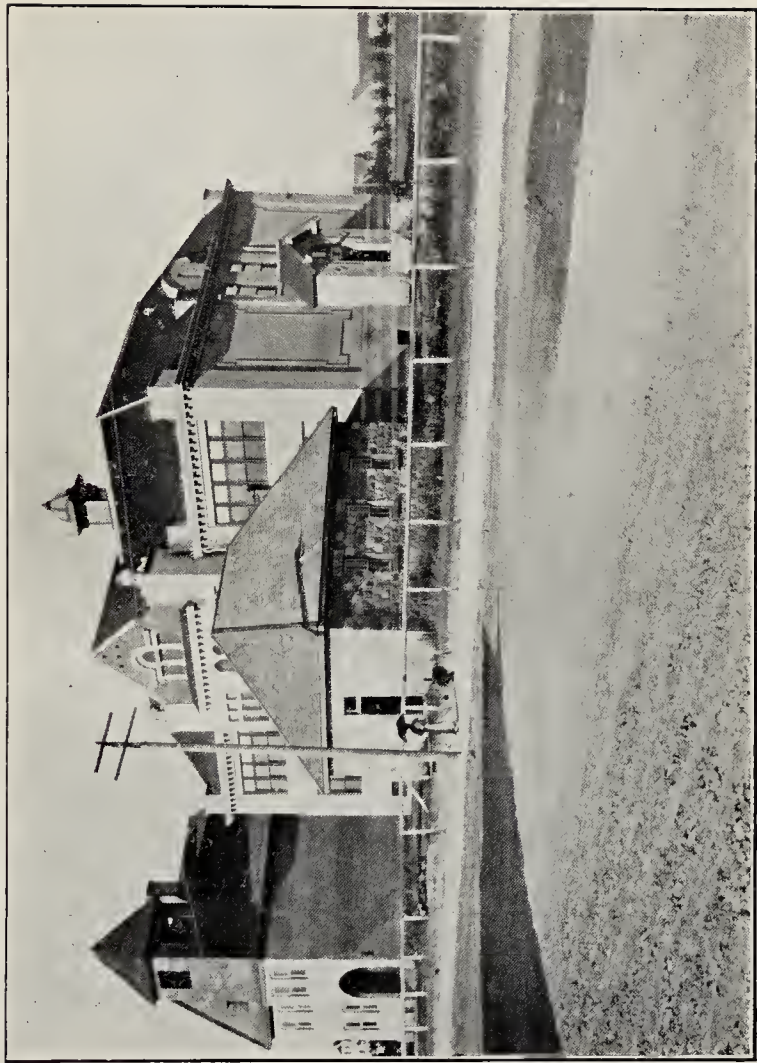
The traveller strains his eyes to look over what must be beetling precipices, at the foot of which runs a grey-blue river. The valley is filled with second-growth timber, whilst the bare poles on the mountain sides bear eloquent testimony to the ravages of the fire. And these are the " Rockies " of my schoolboy days. Now I behold them in reality. Then the engine steams slowly into The Gap. Wilder grows the beauty of those mountains. The river hisses and foams. How the miniature Cheddar Cliffs are here enlarged ! On the one hand are fantastic, castellated, broken heights, on the other massive rocks, rising into the clouds. And, strange to say, at this height men delve down into the earth for coal.

Narrower the pass becomes. Deer may be seen in the bushes. By this time we have reached an altitude of 4,490 feet, and somehow our lungs get plenty to do, though we are sitting it out. There must be a stop at Banff, a national reservation of 5,732 square miles, the largest park in the world, and a bright and pretty station. A visit to the hot springs, well sulphured. Not particularly caring for

the smell of this, I went on a bit farther, to Laggan. The station was some 5,037 feet up. Descending from the train, I got in the conveyance, in which two good horses were to pull us steadily upwards. There was no fear of their bolting, as they had to drag us up another 600 feet, through one of the most charming drives, with the tall Jack pines and the rushing torrent leaping over the boulders—somehow, we did not care to look downward.

Arrived at the hotel, designed in Swiss chalet style, I had my first glimpse of Lake Louise. Never did I expect to see one immense sapphire, in a setting of marvellous beauty. Never five minutes the same, it still exerts its charm, over and over again. On the upper margin were to be seen the mountains and the glacier, which is the source of three great streams that flow into three different oceans; the Mackenzie River flowing into the Arctic, the Saskatchewan to the Atlantic, and the Columbia to the Pacific.

It was so near we must go and see it. So off a little party of us started. A couple of miles at most. We walked along paths, seeing the bears in the woods, the little chipmuck on its fallen tree. On over boulders, across timber bridges, then to a winter jamb, where the fallen giants of the woods had floated together and tried to dam back that glacial stream, but had failed in the attempt. An avalanche of rocks; what a rattle there must have been when they came down, Rumbling sounds indicated



Three stages of School growth at Saskatoon.



From the back car of the Great West Express.

the fall of snow slides, or avalanche, from the higher hills.

Tea-time had gone, we were fearfully hungry. Still we walked on. The nearer we came to that glacier the farther it was away. Evening was approaching when at last we reached it, between six and seven thousand feet up. It was cold, and we did not relish jumping the crevasses, so we came down. That evening I listened to a very fine concert. Down in old Somerset, well, I should scarcely have thought of hearing voices nearly six thousand feet up.

An early morning climb to the Lakes of the Clouds whetted the appetite for something better. Why not qualify to be a member of the Alpine Club, with a record of 10,000 feet? Yes, so I would. You see, one is so apt to become giddy at such heights! Off we started. Up, up, ever upward, 8,000 feet, and fifteen stone of good Somerset flesh, besides boots and clothing, was something to carry upwards. What could it be! "Wurdn't a zort o' queerish veeling a koming over I"? Everything was on strike, and that old heart of mine beating nineteen to the dozen to try and keep things in order. I have paid tribute to Neptune, fearing for hours that I would sooner die than stand his exactions; and later, afraid that he would insist on more before I could die. Neither feeling can compare with mountain sickness. And there are those other younger ones, still going up.

Then I remembered that I was a bit too old at

forty, and that I was not old enough before I started. But those majestic views were well worth the exertion. Had I but visited the Rockies when ten years younger! I knew for the first time why mountain climbers risk so much. Not that there was such risk up here with a guide, if one could only walk. Somehow, I soon recovered, and for fear that I might think I was young again, I got right away down, and joined the train. Soon I had said good-bye to Mount Victoria, taking a last glance at the Temple, well over 11,000 feet high.

Imagine a rustic bridge, called the Great Divide, spanning a sparkling streamlet, which here divides itself, one portion flowing to the Pacific, the other into Hudson's Bay. This gives rise to much sentiment, and books have been written on it. Just two little things floating along. Will they continue together, or separate at the Great Divide? But the railway cuts sentiment, as the eyes have more than they can do to take in the constant series of impressions that is literally forced upon them.

It is but a small glacial stream, at first, is the Kicking Horse River, but rapidly gains power as it proceeds. The mountains point up to the sky above, and we are close to Mount Stephen, and can just see the huts of the silver miners, some 2,300 feet up, on the very edge. A romance attaches to this mine. As the C.P.R. was in the making, a young Swede who was in the gangs went prospecting, found the silver, and pegged out his claim. He sold the claim

for 25,000 dollars, banked the money, came back to the gang, and then went into the Yo Ho Valley near by, and was never heard of more. The money still remains on deposit. Such was the romance told me as we glided through a tunnel.

Just one more glimpse of the valley below, and we were entering a marvellous piece of engineering, a spiral tunnel in this immense mountain. I noted the extraordinary precautions taken with the brakes. These were tested twice during that descent, each curve of which brought us out 80 feet lower. Out of one mountain across the ravine, then into another mountain, again to corkscrew; in fact make a figure eight. The whole thing is a perfect maze for the bewildered eye. The railway doubles back upon itself twice, tunnelling under two immense mountains, and crossing the river twice, in order to lessen the grade, and enable two engines going upward to do the task of four allotted in the old days of the open track.

When one has been down through this wild pass, it is easy to see where the caterers of some of our sensational amusements obtained their ideas. A young lady from the United States "calculated" that she had not seen anything like this in America. Then, as we gazed up at the peaks that hem in the Yo Ho Valley, we suddenly pulled up at a sweet station, Field, having completed this trip down through the Rockies in no time whatever; a wonderful performance indeed, were it not for the differ-

ence between Mountain and Pacific time ! Whether the hands of my old watch will stand these constant alterations is a matter for consideration.

Here, of course, we must stop to look at the wonderful Emerald Lakes and the Takakkaw Falls, a sheer drop of 1,200 feet. Then, as one trails around the mountain—oh ! should that horse slip ! Some ride serenely on, but one positively refuses ; and so down on his hands and knees, he proceeds to get round the dizzy corner.

Much can be seen at Field, but a long day is out of the question. In the train we pass a deserted town, the evidence of what happens when the lumber is cut out. At Glenogle is a steep cutting, up the sides of which the young birches are already donning their autumnal garments. The bold Jack pines on the sides of the gulches constitute a picture indeed.

Suddenly, the train runs out into the open, as Golden is reached, and the broad Columbia River is seen. Here I had determined to stop to look at the new village of Eidelweiss, which is being especially built for the Swiss guides. It is a charming spot, the little Swiss chalets each being perched on some small eminence amidst the pines, with the big mountains as a magnificent background. Though not much cultivated, as Golden is a mining district, still what was cultivated land carried some magnificent crops of oats.

CHAPTER X.

Realistic Motoring. Twists and Turns. Planning a Cider-Apple Orchard. The Selkirks. Vancouver's Progress. "How's old Bike?"

I HAD made up my mind to go up the much-talked-of Columbia River Valley, situate in the dry belt ; that is, where there is very little rainfall indeed. How in the world this was to be made a fruit-growing valley passed my comprehension. Yes, there was a trail, but all the motors were wrong. There was one big one left. It is wonderful what a variety of guests are to be met at a Canadian hotel. The chauffeur knew one or two. There was a gentleman from Toronto, an investor from London, and a "magazine writer" from the States. The motor came round. The spare tyre looked business-like. A piece of rubber, fifteen inches long, and three inches wide, was clean gone, leaving the bare canvas exposed. On looking round, I found that on one of the hind wheels was a bubble about as big as my fist, and another blister as broad as the palm of my hand.

It was eighty-two miles for the first stage, and I began to think whether those two tyres would ever get there. It was an old-pattern machine, and tyres

had just been ordered from Toronto, about a week's journey by rail. What could we do if we broke down? There was the boat, which took a couple of days; and the water was low. So having lunched, we started, on the first gravelled and well-kept roads, outside of a town, that I had yet seen. I was just congratulating myself, when I found that we were speeding rapidly upward, and that the road was but a mere cut-out niche on the side of the hills, and down—a goodly distance down—was the good wide river below. We twisted round at right angles with the greatest facility. The valley now began to show out in all its glorious splendour. On one side was the magnificent range of mountains, the Selkirks, whose snow-clad and icy peaks showed above the clouds. On the other side were the rugged, bare Rockies, rising up out of terraced or bench land. The beautiful river, of that peculiar sapphire-blue colouring, due to the glacial silt, constituted a never-to-be-forgotten picture. It was constantly changing with the lights and shades.

Alas! we soon had to leave our beautiful roads, and enter upon those in process of grading or making. Into these the motor wheels sank axle deep. In the river bed another road was in the making. This was the railroad that is ultimately destined to open up the Columbia Valley. Here the gangs were getting material. How interesting it all was; the axe men clearing the bush, the men getting the spoil, the horses drawing the scoops or dump wagons, the men

farther up in the woods cutting the ties or sleepers, the various construction camps. A picture, indeed !

A house-boat was on the river, with all its flowers and decorations. For miles we ran through a valley bottom, with all its willow and other soft undergrowth. A settler and his family were shifting. How few the household effects as compared with what a shift means in England ! But everything was of utility value. There is not much in sentiment without utility. What useful horses, and how everything appeared to grow where a trickle of water flowed !

At last we came to the half-way house at Spillimaheen. This caused us to look at our motor. The bubble was bigger, the blister higher. Mine host produced the key of the padlock, and opened the bar for us, charging us serenely 15 cents, or sevenpence halfpenny for a glass that would go four to the pint in England if they were filled. This one had a bit of frothy head. Hops were climbing everywhere. What would a Kent or Worcestershire hop-grower give to see his vines looking like these ?

A truly magnificent view was here—the big dark mountains, the snow-clad summits. Off once more. As to the turns and twists, an eel, just landed and thrown on the grass, would about represent them. Add to this one or other of the motor wheels going into a fifteen-inch hole every ten yards, and occasionally two of them together. Then the springs worked, and one took a short flight upwards, until Newton's

law reasserted itself. Riding a twenty-year-old horse bare back was comparatively nothing beside it. Through a magnificent natural park, each tree set out as by a skilled landscape gardener. Then once more up over the hills, higher and higher, hundreds of feet up, just a notch in the side of the hill. Next, to turn an acute angle, with the inner side banked up, and that outer wheel, with the blister on it within three inches of the edge, and the slope without a tree to stop us.

At last, when we had negotiated a particular curve on the Sinclair grade, we began to realise the fact that life was worth living, and that if ever we did get to our journey's end, we would try and live it. Into a volcanic valley, benches, terraces—call them what you might—they were here indeed in plenty. The shades of evening fell, the new moon showed, and the mountains, as we approached Lake Windermere, were perfect gems in the moonlight.

To the hotel. Full up, not a single room. But a gentleman near by, Mr. Bruce, most kindly placed his bungalow at our disposal, if we would only go thither. Would we? Rather!

We were hailed! "Could we allow him to ride?" He was a distinguished French artist, who had been on a sketching tour, during which his beard had grown and where he had been there was no barber. Could he ride with us to where there was one, so that he might appear civilised again? Could we resist this, or to tell him that the "Mona Lisa" had been stolen

from the Louvre? Up he jumped, and we were again off over trails, ruts and bumps, and twirling round corners in the night.

Arrived at Mr. Bruce's bungalow, the telephone had carried word that we were coming, and his Chinese cook was quite equal to the occasion. Music followed. We heard Melba, and our Yankee friend was in deep thought as to how that grand pianola piano had been got up there, nearly a hundred miles from the rail.

Morning light revealed a sweet garden, filled with familiar flowers, mignonette, dahlias, roses, sweet peas, The vegetable section looked well. As regards fruit, the raspberry canes were over seven feet high, and never in my life did I see bushes carrying such crops of black currants. Then I walked a bit farther up, and saw the first attempt at irrigation in this district. A shrewd Irish gardener was in possession, and he had about as nice a lot of stuff as man could wish. One sank knee-deep in the beautiful soil, which lay practically as an arid slope, but was endowed with wonderful, almost non-realizable fertility, by means of a trickling stream of water. This was the plot that had initiated a scheme of irrigation, now in process of construction. We got into the car to run up to where the creek was being dammed, in Toby Cañon, seeing, on the way, those wonderful clay formations, resembling pillars, known as hoodoos. It is wonderful how these can stand all the erosive elements of the weather.

The London man had become interested whilst I was away, and had secured a lot ; and forthwith, I was asked to go and view it, for the purpose of planning the first purely cider-apple orchard to be established in British Columbia. I had seen trees of only a few years old, carrying magnificent table fruit, and when the hundreds of acres near by were planted the smalls would be available if a cider plant were put in, and Canada does need a cheap, palatable drink. A more lovely site it would be difficult to imagine.

As we walked back we passed over the land that had been laid out as a town site. Nearly every lot had been sold, and yet not a single house was built, though there were some piles of lumber. I was assured that if I returned next year many houses would be up, and in five years there would be a town. From what I had seen elsewhere, I could well believe it. The beautiful lake, the rugged Rockies, the grand towering Selkirks, must appeal to all when peaceful steel can guide them thither.

A look at our artist friend's sketches, a promise to renew friendship in Paris, and we rejoined our motor. Yes, someone would come to meet us half-way. On past a settlement of Indians, through the vast natural park, round those precipitous grades. As appointed, we met our new friend. His car was not going well. Dr. Tayler got our mechanic, young Mr. Ratcliffe, from Trinton, Essex, to look it over. A few alterations and we started in our car. The

doctor told us he had only been driving for a couple of months. He suggested that we might dine at the house-boat, as we might get hung up, and it would be better not to feel hungry if we chanced to break down. Lamps were lit, and some more of those stiff hillside grades remained to be negotiated.

Suddenly the near lamp began to soot, and was choked. Our motor had but one eye, and that a wee bit crossed. My Yankee friend said, "If I get out of this, man——" I replied, "Keep quiet, or you'll be chucked out!" Then not a word was spoken, not a whisper even, as we twirled round those corners, and speeded down those slopes in the darkness of night. At last! the lights of Golden. A cheery voice. A bit scared. "Eh, why man, hadn't I a neck to break as well as you?" And then we learned that the worthy doctor had motored eighty miles to save two strangers from being hung up. This was but typical of the kindness that is shown in Canada. Next morning we were told that we had made the record motor trip in the Columbia Valley. With our side trips, we had done just over 200 miles in the thirty hours.

In the morning we rejoined the train, and acting on the advice of one who knew, secured seats for the observation car. It was well that we did so, otherwise I should have missed one of the treats of my life. Soon the train takes us where the Rockies and Selkirks try to shake a foot together; and in doing so they make an angry, hissing torrent of the river, which

cuts its way through a narrow gorge. The river is indeed so narrow that a felled tree serves as a foot-bridge. In the meantime the train is crawling up, and soon we are a thousand feet above the little streak that is the river far below. On the side of the mountain we cling, so to speak, like a huge caterpillar. The train crawls along, in and out of snow sheds, to ward off the avalanches from the mountain-tops.

Then, indeed, comes a surprise. High up as we are, we cross a bridge which spans a ravine cut by a crystal torrent 300 feet below. It is indeed a picture. To look sheer down, even only 300 feet, from a seat on an open observation car is something to be remembered. One becomes entranced with the beauty of these mountains. Each minute appears to reveal something more enchanting than before, until Rogers Pass, at an altitude of 4,300 feet, is reached. This lies between two vast ranges of snow-clad peaks, rising sheer up some five to six thousand feet. There is play of light and shade, but somehow the numerous freight cars and train works, the revolving snow ploughs, all militate against this pass giving its real impressiveness.

We begin to know that we are up in Nature's refrigerating chamber. Warm coats are donned. Somehow we gain the impression that we have seen the best of the Rockies. Never more fatal mistake was made. The train moves on, we pass the summit 4,351 feet up, and then there is quite a run

down to Glacier. How many of us at home in little rural England are apt to associate glaciers with Swiss valleys and the Alps, the valleys that guide tourists up to the masses of ice above. But here the railway has brought us close to a glacier, a huge frozen torrent of gleaming ice, with those richest of blues and greens in the crevasses. This comes down some 4,000 or 5,000 feet from the vast snowfield above. The train generously waits twenty minutes for us to get out and look at this sublime picture, and there right away up is that bald old mountain, Sir Donald, rising some mile and a quarter away. High up a small torrent pours out and comes, a hissing streak of silver, down between brown rocks and dark green spruces. The air is crisp. Surely if anyone be in need of a cool summer resort here it is.

We must go on ; and then comes another triumph of engineering skill. The line twists and turns as though coming down a spiral staircase. At last we are deep in the Albert Cañon, the walls of rock running straight up. With eyes aching at looking at the mountains, it is time for supper, and then to rest, with the whirling wheels beneath. Somehow we all wake early. If we did not that black porter would not allow us to sleep. We hear the whirring of saws, and are at Harrison's Mills, on the Fraser River, well known in many European households as giving eatable evidence as to where salmon are caught.

How pretty it is from Port Moody up to Vancouver

through the transparent mist which the early morning sun is licking from the waters. The snow-tipped mountains, the whirl of saw or lumber mills. The inlet dotted with all kinds of craft. But, somehow, the stumps of those trees, blackened as they are in the clearings, have a fascination for us. Why, they must be between thirty and forty feet around them. What must the trees have been like that once grew on those stumps? The train pulls up, and I make my first acquaintance with Vancouver.

Less than thirty years ago, where now stands a thriving city with 115,000 inhabitants, was a dense forest. A more ideal spot for a town could scarcely be found, as it is the natural outlet for wheat to the Pacific, and here all nations of the earth appear to meet. Red Indians and Black Indians, States black men, and Honolulu black men. A Chinaman cooks the food and a Japanese brings it to the table. All the European tongues can be heard, and there is not any mistake in locating the Americans and Canadians. And all appear to be working in perfect harmony. Good streets, fine buildings, all go to make up a thriving, businesslike town.

I had heard of the fine views at Stanley Park, and went to this spot, which has been saved from the all-devouring axe of the woodman. When I got to the big trees, I saw them in earnest. It was a walk, indeed, around the trunk, and there it went sheer away an enormous distance up. It was a wonder, indeed, how the sap could go surging up to such

heights. I found the old cedar in which a motor-car could be placed. Near by was the following notice, indicative of Canadian enterprise :—" A list of those who have been pictured at this tree would include the names of almost every notable visitor to and resident in Vancouver. King George looked more or less pleasant here, thus establishing a precedent for all British subjects. His Excellency Earl Grey confirmed this excellent institution, while Premier McBride, Premier Ward, of New Zealand, Lord Strathcona, and 20,000 other honest souls have helped us to meet our bills on time by standing in the big tree and looking wise."

Having come from the East, I continued my peregrinations in this magnificent natural park, of which future generations of Vancouver will be justly proud. The afternoon drew on, and of course I had to be present at the fair or show. This was four miles away, and we went by means of street car. Here immense progress had been made in erecting permanent buildings of which any English showyard might be proud, and preparing a site in the midst of what was a mere forest. There were all kinds of exhibits, including a competition of minerals. Surely it was a revelation to see bags of gold quartz, huge lumps of galena, of silver, and many other ores, indicating the wealth of the rocks. In the galleries were the manual training school exhibits, and here nearly everything was splendidly turned out, from penholders to axe handles. Such a competition

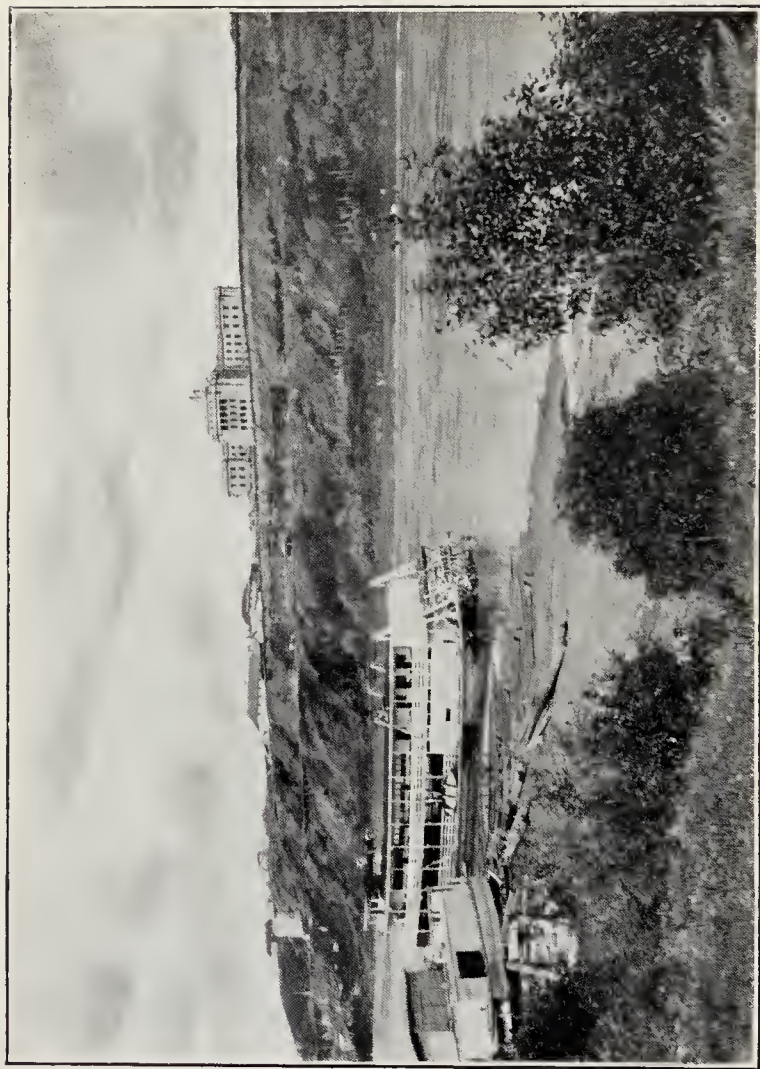
denoted the class of work being done in the schools. One room bore the following notice :—" The articles in this room have been made and finished by high school girl students during the school period." There was some fine work indeed in those solid oak arm-chairs, the buffet table, stools, bookshelves ; in fact, all the furniture in the room, with the exception of the carpet, was made by these girls. What a happy training for future home life, when " hubby " comes home too tired to mend the broken leg of a dainty chair !

A nice lot of vegetables, and then I glanced at the honey. One exhibit especially interested me : it was of wild honey, and another of honey seven years old. The exhibitor, Mr. W. Davis, most kindly allowed me to taste it, and I found it very sweet, rich, and slightly aromatic. Mr. Davis said the bees obtained the honey from white clover, blooming sally, or fireweed. He told me that he had obtained as much as 400lb. of honey from a tree. He tracked the bees by going into the wood and putting a little oil of anise and honey together on a rag. The bees would come to this, and then it was easy to follow them up, chop the tree down, and secure the honey.

The cattle were fairly good. The best item was a group of Holsteins, or Dutch cattle, from the Colony Farm, Coquitlan, B.C., established by the Government. There were also some useful-looking Red Polls ; but the Ayrshires appeared rather small, and were very light, nearly all white. None of these cattle



A Canadian "rig."



Edmonton, New Parliament Buildings from across the river.

could be seen to advantage owing to there being so little light from the roof. This appears to be the general fault with all the agricultural show buildings that I have yet seen in Canada.

There was also the best collection of sheep, mostly of our home breeds, Shropshires, Leicesters, South-downs, Dorset Horns, and Cotswolds; and these looked very well indeed shown in their natural wool. This confirmed the impression that I had previously formed, that sheep would do well in Canada if the right breed were selected suitable for each locality. Of course, at Vancouver very English-like weather is experienced. There were some good Yorkshire pigs, but the black breeds were not nearly so well represented; in fact, little attention was paid to the markings of a breed, upon which home breeders lay so much stress.

Having had a run round the poultry show, in which German and Polish fowls were very fully represented, suddenly I heard a voice remark, "How's old bike?" Now here was I, just 6,000 miles away from home, and, not knowing a soul, to be asked such a question! I soon found out who it was that asked—Mr. N. J. Clifford, from Temple Meads, Bristol. He had cause to know good old bike, "because hadn't he a minded un var I many a time when he was with Harry Patch in the parcels office?"

Soon we were chatting. I must come up and see his home right away, and he had some cider. He was quite enthusiastic as to his garden, the potatoes it

grew, the big marrow. He had one thing that "worried" him; that was a big cedar stump. He had had a bit off it, but preferred to have in a load of firewood rather than work for it. To get one of these out is a terror, he informed me.

"Come in. You know the Slocombes of Stanton Wick. Well, here is one of them, just seventy years old, who has come out to look at me. That shows what travelling is like now. Yes, it's the piano. Brunt packed it so well that there was not a scratch on it, and it was in perfect tune. I was nearly afraid to bring it, but am glad I did. Oh, you must come back to the show and see Paynton's Airedale. He got third prize with it. You know his father at Temple Meads? Well, both of us have fallen on our feet."

And I could well believe it after seeing the homes they had.

The horse show was held at night in a fine building. There was a class for lady riders, one of whom rode astride. And certainly they put in some good work at the jumps. By this time some of the local pressmen had discovered me, and never could a stranger wish for better help in obtaining every class of information of which I was so much in need in planning my route to the Pacific coast.

CHAPTER XI.

The Beauties of Victoria. The Turning-point of the Journey. Successful Fruit Growing. The Blue Bird at Vernon.

OFF in the morning by steamer for an 84 miles trip to the capital of British Columbia. The scenery from the boat was lovely, as we wound in and out amidst densely-wooded islands, which fringed the water in the little bays, where fish leaped clean out of the water. A couple of whales were spouting. The soft, balmy air and the lovely prospect all tended to make life pleasant. As we neared the city we were met with a military reception, the crackling of rifle shots. Practice was in progress, and the bullets were meant for the target and not for us. Seemingly there is a splendid range, as the butts are situated close to the shore.

What a magnificent situation Victoria has in the Straits of Fuca ! Across the water are the splendid Olympic Mountains, with their snow-clad peaks. Though there is a huge hotel, the Empress, with hundreds of rooms, it was a question whether I should not have to walk the night, every hotel being full. In fact, hotel proprietors and real estate agents appear

to be the two most affluent classes in Canada. In the town butchers' shops were fitted up with refrigerating coils in the windows, thus allowing the meat to be kept on view, a much better advertisement than that on the English butcher's slab at home—"During the hot weather meat is kept in the ice box." A large number of very fine shops, and of course a Chinatown.

It was notable how dear all kinds of fruit and provisions were. Apples 2lb. for 25 cents, or a shilling-halfpenny. There is evidently much commercial life. I took the tram to Esquimalt, which was formerly a naval station. Now I found the well-sheltered dry dock occupied by a United States oil tank steamer, which had got bumped and went there for repairs. The man in charge was communicative. He had a companion named Morgan from Sharpness. Did I know him?

It was getting late, but I could not help noticing the heavy-berried rowan trees, the roses nailed to the sides of the houses, the honeysuckle blooming in the gardens, and then that ever restless sea, bringing in the Pacific water. It was strange to see the shops in full swing, open till ten o'clock that Saturday night. Sunday for a day of rest. How enjoyable it was, after all the beating about of the travel of the previous week; and what a lovely spot to rest in! There was the hotel garden, filled with all the flowers of home: summer flowers, such as mignonette, roses red, and ramblers too; the blaze of many dahlias; all

hob-nobbing with our flower of autumn, the chrysanthemum; and the perfume of the sweet peas.

All went to denote the geniality of the climate of Victoria. It was evening. Why not walk to the Beacon Park—a wondrous commingling of nature and art, but principally nature. I went down on the log-strewn beach. What would be given for such timber in England; yet here it was rolled and pounded by the waves on the rocky shore. Huge coils of serpents that seaweed appeared to be when cast on the shore, each with a large tuberous root resembling a ball. The sun glinted on the opalescent water over which a ship sailed on its way. The parting rays of the setting sun lit up the glistening peaks of the snow-clad Olympics, and away, further out, was a rainbow at sea. A walk to a breezy knoll, then through a wood to a fine swannery.

Victoria had its show also. The produce of the island was well displayed, but the most interesting feature was the bronco busting by the cowboys. The art of taming an untamable horse is evidently not a lost one in Victoria. I must be on the move and see the fruit-growing district at Duncan. It was a crowded train on the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway, which runs some 78 miles into the island. As we started to climb high up the side of the mountain, we passed a new bridge being run out over a ravine, in which water flowed hundreds of feet below. Gigantic trees reared their heads up from great depths to have a peep in at the railway and see what was

going on up there. What immense sticks of timber! We passed houses and stores with nothing but either Japanese or Chinese signs on them.

Arrived at Duncan, I had the opportunity of looking at a co-operative creamery. Every rig that came to town brought in a can of cream from somewhere outside. I went out to see what I could, and there passed me the only dog-trap that I have seen since I have been out here. The orchards, which were, as a rule, not very well cultivated, were yet carrying some splendid fruits of all kinds, pears, plums, apples. I inquired the price of land. The replies astounded me. No wonder it was a district of small holdings, as only very wealthy men could afford a good-sized one. I was surprised to see the number of warning notices about here, such as "Trespassers warned off," "No shooting allowed," "Road stopped"; and then I learned that there was a goodly sprinkling of those who receive certain solatiums from the home country at stated intervals. Perhaps this accounted for the methods of cultivation. Surely the fruit should not have been left lying on the ground when it was selling retail at 6¼d. per lb.

How many come to Vancouver Island and never see its natural beauties, and how it impresses those who do! What were mere place-names before are veritable living realities. Take the Buttles Lake district, which the Government of Columbia has reserved as a national park. This is high up on the head waters of the Campbell River, and here one is

truly with Nature as it was, and as it is now, and everyone who visits it trusts that it will continue for the generations of the future. At present the way thither is not quite idyllic from the haste-to-be-quick world-trotter tourist's point of view, but for the traveller who travels for enjoyment's sake, here, indeed, is something to see. The grand mountain scenery, down which glacial torrents race, the icy coldness of these pure waters that have just been aerated.

The lake is literally teeming with trout. What a paradise for the flymen, whose only regret must be that they have no opportunity to send the contents of their creels to distant friends. And the wild life of the woods! Even the beaver has not been cleared out. To notice this magnificent timber about here is to know that Vancouver Island has not been lumbered out yet. I wonder how many trees from other parts of Canada would be necessary to cut out the same amount of lumber that one of these gigantic trees gives. Where are the pulp men? In Sweden where there is a huge saw mill there is a pulp mill near by to treat the residue, or rather convert it into something much more useful than does the Canadian lumber mills destructor fire. Will the time soon come when this waste will be prevented? The sooner it does the better it will be for Canada.

And there is the awful destruction caused by forest fires. The authorities appear to have awakened to

the necessity of promptly dealing with these and taking all the preventive measures that they can.

I came back just after eight o'clock to the town, ordered bed, or rather registered, as it is termed here. Now for something to eat. Sorry, the dining-room is closed down. Get something in a restaurant down town. Off I went. A very neat little shop, the window most tastefully dressed. They were English from Newcastle-on-Tyne. When I told them I knew the Monument there, they just chatted. They had come out a few years before, he to work in the mines, the same as he had been doing at home. He then started keeping this shop.

The wife was enthusiastic. "At home we were blocked up in a narrow street by houses on both sides of us, all alike and as ugly as could be. Now look here. We all have our own plot, with the air all around us."

Then the man chimed in. "We have sport. At home, if you saw a man with a gun on his shoulder and a brace of grouse in his hand, or with a fishing-rod and the tail of a salmon poking out of his creel, he had to be pretty well off in this world's goods to afford either of them ; but here I can take my gun and kill a deer or a grouse without being ruined at the expense of doing so. I can go out and catch a 14lb. or 18lb. salmon in the morning. Just fancy being able to do that over there."

Certainly this was one way of looking at Canadian

life, and the advantages that it confers. Making inquiries as to what Prince Rupert was like, I was soon told that ordinary garments would be of no avail to turn the water, as there was a rainfall exceeding 108 inches per annum. So I made up my mind that I would take no risk of striking a wet day in that locality. Having obtained a glass of apple-juice cider at a cost of five pence, not so very bad, but over-sweetened, I returned to the hotel and set down a 5 a.m. call to catch the boat in the morning. Happened to wake on time with no call. As my "ticker" was going, I believed it and got up. Suddenly commotion. The call clock was out of work, and had restarted twenty minutes late. No breakfast, hurried donning of garments, no time for tightening shoe-laces or getting the usual morning "shine," and off to the boat.

Of course, for once I could calmly survey the scene, as I sauntered down to the boat. How crystal clear was the water, with the starfishes spread out on the shingle and shoals of other fish swimming around the vessel, which was most appropriately named *The Charmer*. Suddenly a cake of soap went overboard, and it was interesting indeed to see the fight made for it by the fishes as it made its way down into the clear depths.

Then the boat cast off, and as we stood away from shore I looked at it and wondered what a Dutchman would say when he looked for the first time on that beautiful coast-line, with the big snow-topped moun-

tains, after he had come out from his Low Country. We came to richly-wooded islands, to a big coal-shaft standing on the seashore. The lovely sunshine, the soft balmy air, indeed it was a trip to be remembered. There, as we neared the inlet on the other side, we found it full of leaping salmon. Up they came clean out of the water and returned to it with a big splash. Oh, for a big fly, a stout rod, good line, and one of those pretty motor launches. A wreath of smoke curling up through the weeds made one think indeed that the approach to Vancouver was pleasant. The town opened up to view, the big works, the fine houses.

Soon, picking up bag and baggage, I was again on the train, to retrace my steps, or rather to deviate as much as possible from them on my return East, and see some of the country through which I had slept coming out. What a medley of nations on the platform. But when does John Chinaman travel? I have not seen a single Chinaman on the move, any more than I have seen a solitary bit of string, since I have been in Canada. You may leave bag, camera, hat, watch, on a railway seat and return and find them; but a piece of string cannot be left untouched one moment before it is annexed by someone or other, and no matter how useful it has been, or how useful it would still be, one is never likely to see it more. We went along through some cultivated lands and arrived at Mission Junction. Out we turned and occupied the waiting hour by drinking buttermilk.

Considering the small number of cows that I had seen, there must be an enormous supply of buttermilk obtained from somewhere. The train came in crowded more than usual. All reservations were taken, and if we would obtain a few winks later, it must be where we sat. Back through high mountains, beside a big river. Where was the celebrated fruit grown of which I had heard so much in British Columbia ?

Night came on and the desire for sleep. One could neither lean back nor lie down. Oh, for the flexible backbone of the feline species, just to curl round and round on the flat of the seat. At midnight a plaintive little wail. It was easy to pick out the fathers and mothers, as they all woke up at hearing that little plaintive cry. Even very young folks have to take long journeys at the time trains will serve on the Canadian railways.

At five in the morning I was enabled to get off at a junction, and there obtain a breakfast, before starting on my tour in the fruit-growing districts of British Columbia. Who has not heard of the famed Okanagan Valley, with its Peachland and Summerland ? This would involve a 50-mile run by rail and 90 miles on a boat, paddling by means of its stern wheel down the Okanagan Lake. The country did not look very promising at first, as heavy clearings have to be made. However, the fertility was shown by small patches of excellent market garden crops. A field of celery had the mould kept up in the rows by

means of wooden shingles, pressed down into the soft earth.

At Armstrong the country opened out and was well cultivated with all kinds of market garden crops ; but the fruit trees were mostly small, hardly any of them, I should think, being ten years old, and not overburdened with fruit. Then we came on to Vernon, a big place, and here I determined to step off and obtain some first-hand information. Now one is always compelled to believe a tale while it is being told ; then say nothing, but exercise judgment afterwards. And this is what intending fruit growers should do, whilst they still retain the ability to do so when they travel across thousands of miles to grow juicy peaches, sunny-cheeked apples, and big, handsome pears.

Soon I learnt that to be a successful fruit grower it is necessary to be a small farmer, that is, not be ambitious to secure more land than can be handled, as good fruit land costs money, and the dearer it is according to the status of the real estate man who handles it. From men or firms of repute good fruit land can be bought at from \$200 to \$250 per acre, a nice lump sum, in the raw. So-called cleared land may be bought at \$250. Now at this figure ten acres would work out at \$2,500. Fencing \$100, cost of setting out trees, cultivating and spraying for first year \$500, cost of cultivation \$250, for four years, \$1,000—total \$3,750 ; an outlay that must be made before a single profitable dollar comes back. So it

will be well for everyone to have a care in the Valley of Profitable Fruit.

In going in and out of these districts, I saw a high rate of infantile mortality had occurred amidst the freshly-planted-out orchards. I could see each year's renewals, and proceeding to investigate soon found out that it was entirely due to pot-holing. That is, deep, circular holes are made in the hard ground, these are filled with friable soil, a maiden tree is planted, and in three years' time it becomes pot-bound, unless by a desperate effort it gets through into the adjacent soil. If it does, it is all right. Now this will show how careful a man should be in purchasing. However, where the orchards were planted as they should be and tended as well, the returns must be very great.

I saw an instance of this in Mr. Agur's orchard at Summerland. Some of these planted seven years ago were now giving him a return of \$200 per acre, and this must probably be taken as high-water mark, because I saw no other orchard in the valley to compare with this one. In nearly all instances the land is under irrigation. Whilst at Summerland I made inquiries as to the whereabouts of Mr. Miller, who left Chew Magna a year ago. I was informed he was eight miles out. Mr. English, a local gentleman, volunteered to drive me over the prairies in the bright moonlight. From him, in the course of the drive, I learnt much about this happy spot, with its healthful air, its schools where the children are sent for in the

morning and taken back at night at the expense of the community.

We passed a very attractive-looking church built of glacial drift boulders. It was very evident that the genial pastor was quite as expert in looking after his orchard as after his flock. Looking over the fence, I saw his trees were well proportioned. I was told that strawberries and poultry would help a man until his trees began to bear fruit.

It was a pleasant drive across a portion of the Indian Reserve to Mr. Miller's. The house was lit up, and I came just at the close of evening service, which is held at Mr. Miller's once a month, for the benefit of the settlers round, the clergyman coming out from Summerland. Surely a pretty spot beside the creek, but the settler has still many a noble tree to level before he can insert his profitable apples.

"How do you like it? A pretty chap to promise to write and never write."

"Well, to tell you the truth, out here time just whirls. You see I have got the house shipshape. Now I am busy fencing and road making."

He wanted to know how the rifle club in his old parish was getting on, and smilingly pointed to a revolver with which he had been presented before leaving. "I have not wanted to use it yet, nor shall I be likely to out here. It is far from being a wild and woolly West."

Though there were no peaches this year at Summerland, for which the frost in the spring had been

responsible, still there were peaches at the next call down the lake, Penticton, where it was said that one fruit grower gathered 5,300 lb. of apricots from 100 trees and sold them at a net return of eight cents. or 4d. per lb. In going back up this lake I ran into the following little story. A man had land which he valued at \$2,000 per acre, and secured \$5,000 of tomatoes from it—a very respectable prospect for investment. That crop must have been a sight to behold.

It is quite impossible for mere trippers on the Okanagan Lake, which is some seventy-five miles long, to form an idea of the fruit culture from the decks of the stern-wheel steamer that carries them, as the most they can see is rocks and small trees. The fruit is grown on the bench lands at the back, where there is soil that can be irrigated. Of course, no one should visit Vernon without having a look at the famous Coldstream estate, which was purchased in 1891 by the Earl of Aberdeen, who spent a considerable amount of money in development by laying out orchards and hop gardens. In 1906 he formed the estate into a limited liability company. It is a most instructive sight to see how irrigation has been utilised on this thoroughly up-to-date estate, which includes a forty-acre nursery.

Whilst in Vernon I saw the finest hedge of sweet peas that I ever set eyes on. They were fully twelve feet high, and one mass of bloom. I was quite surprised to see in Vernon that the tent caterpillars

were allowed to carry on their destructive work in the fruit-trees close along the side-walks. It was a singular sight, also, to see some bushes full of blue birds, which were feasting on a kind of blueberry.

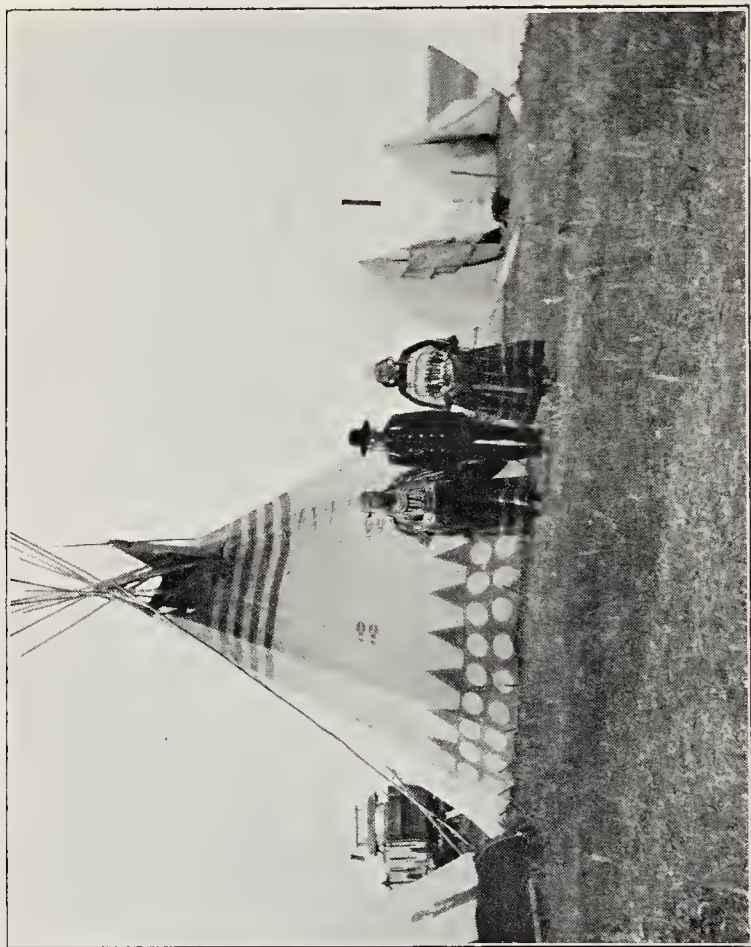
I came back from here to Sicamous Junction, and slept the sleep of the tired at a lakeside hotel, to be awakened in the morning by the quacking of the wild ducks on the lake. A big trout leaping amongst them did not appear to inconvenience them in the least. 4.15 a.m. was certainly an early call, but I responded, as it was that train or none.

Soon we were on the way to Revelstoke, Nature's gateway. Here are many fine mountains that can be climbed, with promise of enchanting views of Alpine rocks and scenery ; but I meant to take things more easily, and accordingly joined the waiting train for Arrowhead. Here I took steamer under the walls of a precipice towering right up. Bathed in the morning sunshine, it was most spectacular. The lake boats are very fine steamers, drawing only between three and five feet of water. A day followed on the ever-varying lakes, with waters of sapphire blue, views of wooded mountains merging into rocky peaks, just tipped with snow.

We passed the hot springs at Halcyon, with the mountain going some 10,400 feet up, and near by some pretty waterfalls. The hours sped on. One thought of Killarney, and other beautiful old-world spots. All were content but one man ; and he remarked, "What benefits it a man to become



*The Champion Dairy Cow of Canada, "Rosalind of Old Basing,"
and her family at Red Deer.*



Indian Tepee at Lethbridge Fair.

endowed with the appetite of a horse, and have an aching molar to grind on ? ”

The afternoon merged into evening, and the full moon rose in all its splendour. Talk of moonbeams on the water ! Here, indeed, was a picture for the fairies, as a finish to my trip of ninety odd miles on the Arrow Lakes to West Robson. Off boat on to the train, and up by the pretty Kootenay River in the moonlight. The Falls were beautiful in the seemingly unreal light of the moon, which also played upon the rapids. The hissing lumps of silver stood out from the ebonised pools of shadowed water. This was a picturesque trip, indeed !

CHAPTER XII.

Up Kootenay Lake. Farewell to the Rockies. Over the rolling Prairie. Medicine Hat. Indian Head—a Tip to Prospectors. Canadian Souvenirs.

NOT being on pleasure but on business bent, I wanted to see the fruit-growing possibilities of Nelson. Surely the town must be *en fête*, seeing the brilliancy with which it was lighted up. There was something peculiar about the lighting, which was in the form of a string of incandescent electric lights stretched across the road. The effect was good. Nelson seemed to be in a state of "animated terror," as a mysterious "fire bug" had been round, and nearly a dozen incendiary fires had occurred within a month. A big axe was at my bedroom door; the fire escape was set open, so that if there was a blaze the inmates might have no cause to suffer if they were reasonably agile. However, as a smelter had been burned and the gaol set alight, it was just as well to take adequate precautions.

What a homelike hotel! I had been missing the sunset bird voices of England, but struck here a canary show. There were cages of these singing in every room. Nelson is primarily a mining town,

and its court-house is built of marble. Latterly there has been a platinum rush, this precious metal having been found. I wished to find the apples and where they could grow, and was informed that some seventeen carloads had been grown and sent off last year. That apple trees should thrive in what is mere granite debris is indeed a wonder. It was evident that help was needed, in the form of fertilisers, to put more sugar, and therefore flavour, into the fruit, which is grown on mere patches of clearing amidst the rocks on the shores of the Kootenay Lake.

Farther up at Creston, the table-lands widened out, and here there were some very thriving young orchards. But the older settlers did not know what varieties to plant. If the trees grew, they were all right ; hence there are nearly as many varieties in one of these patches as there are in a Somersetshire orchard. But latterly the varieties tried and found suitable for these high altitudes are Yellow Transparent, Red Astrakan, Wealthy, Gravenstein, Mackintosh Red, Winter Jonathan, Wagner, Northern Spy, Ontario Yellow, Newtown, and Cox's Orange. I found the cost of unclaimed land to be from 100 to 200 dollars ; for planted-out land 1,000 dollars per acre.

Having spent a day in Nelson, I had to be up early next morning, to see the sun's rays tipping the mountain peaks, in order to catch the steamer for Kootenay. On board I met a truly facetious

native, who initiated me into the subtle distinction between "ranche" and "raunche." It was that ranches paid; raunches did not. On one of the latter the deer had come down from the mountain woods and eaten the apple trees. The rauncher tried to balance matters by shooting and eating the deer.

Happily, I met a son of Devonshire, who knew what Sweet Alfords and Woodbines were. He showed me the neat and trim fruit ranche which Earl Grey has established on the banks of the lake, and was of opinion that if the land were properly cleared, fruit-growing did and would pay. His estimate was: For wild land, 125 dollars per acre, clearing and fencing 125 to 150 dollars per acre, planting at 50 cents per tree, 100 to the acre, 50 dollars. Four or five years would elapse before any return would come from the fruit; but in the meantime enormous crops of clover, averaging five tons per acre, might be grown between the trees, and fowls might be kept. Everyone appears to think that chicken are highly profitable in Canada.

In the meantime our few hours' pleasant trip up the lake in that comfortable steamer *Kushanook* was drawing to a close. Soon we were enabled to see how the ferry handles the freight-cars on the lakes. On the train, I was hurrying away towards the Rockies, this time by way of Crow's-nest Pass. The country for miles was evidently for the ^{min}er or lumberman. Once more the bald, hard rocks,

reaching up into the skies, appeared before me. How pretty it was to see the sunset! No, I was not going through that magnificent scenery in dead of night and sound sleep, as some travellers do, or if they are awake they keep the window blinds down, which amounts much to the same thing. This is one of the things that has struck me in Canada: it is the dollar that everyone looks at chiefly; the scenery remains to some extent unnoticed by the travelling Canadian.

Anyway, after climbing up the side of the Kootenay River, I jumped off at the mining town of Fernie, situated between 3,000 and 4,000 feet up amidst the Rockies. From my bedroom window, seemingly half a mile away, were the Three Sisters, which it would take a couple of days to climb, with another for the return journey. Here I wanted to make a trifling purchase—something four to the farthing in England. The shop boy answered, "Five cents." "What?" I remarked. "Yes, sir," the young hopeful replied, "we don't have one cents in this town."

Once more I awaited the shining of the cold moon on these bare rocks high up. How the lungs expanded in that rare atmosphere! It was perfectly exhilarating. The sound of the railway whistle was thrown from rock to rock and back again. Surely I had never heard such a repetition of echoes. The beauty of that sunrise was indescribable, as viewed from a crag high up, but very far from the top of

the mountains. How different from a sunrise at sea ! Now the rays had something to rest upon even before Old Sol revealed himself to the eye of the human observer. When they came up and converted the cold, calm, icy snow peaks into pinnacles of molten flame, little streaks of mist either formed or dissipated, it was indeed one of Nature's grandest pictures.

Again in the train, to complete the trip through the Crow's-nest. The mountain streams were bearing their piles of logs, the lumberman was in the woods, the train wound around edges of the mountains, and through the windows purling streams were visible hundreds of feet below. Bunches of horses and mules were grazing in the woods at these high altitudes. Then came the dividing-line between British Columbia and Alberta.

A little farther on we saw an underground stream breaking from a cavern, the source of the Old Man River. Then that last solitary mass of rock with its snow cap. A little farther on, what a desolation of rocks ! Here was where half a mountain tipped over a few years ago, burying the village of Frank and some eighty of its inhabitants. High up on the remainder of the mountain were the holes out of which the surviving miners dug themselves. Some twelve feet beneath the rocks on which we were travelling lay the original track of the railway. After clearing this sea of rocks, with its melancholy history, I turned to wave an adieu to those marvels

of scenic beauty, the Rockies, and the train steamed out once again on the virgin, unbroken prairie.

The Rockies were a marvellous sight as they dwindled down in the distance, whilst the train headed to the east across the rolling prairie, which had only just begun to be cultivated in places, as the greater part of it is a reserve set apart for the Peigan Indians. Opinions differ as to the utility of these large areas being thus set aside, but I think that it is a fine idea of the Government to hold these reserves for posterity, whilst there still remains plenty of land for closer settlement elsewhere. But it is a singular fact that the Red Indians, after years of hunting and then luxurious idleness, have now evidenced a desire to live the arduous life of a farmer. They are fairly good at teaming, on some construction works, and make an invariable practice to obtain their pay at the close of each day's work. Near Pincher, in a snug little valley, is established an Indian industrial school, where a large number of the aboriginal youths are being educated and interested in some of the manual avocations of the white man.

As we were running through this big reserve, I and my American friend of the pen proceeded to fulfil one unsigned treaty and reap the benefits of reciprocity. It will be opportune here to maintain that about the hardest thing in the world to get in Canada is drink, either hard, soft, or of any kind whatever, except on prohibitive terms. The Canadians, unless

they get something stronger, are a nation of tea-drinkers. Tea comes in at the end of breakfast, tea for luncheon or dinner, and there is tea for the evening meal : at the very close, one wee sma' cup, when the desire is for something larger, such as a good two-handled cup of Zummerzett cider affords.

As to water, I had had some experience of what frequent changes of water meant, saline, alkaline, sulphurine, and medicine, and even thirst was preferable. Now I do not mind a cup of beer when cider is not available, but found that a pint bottle was divided into glasses, three and a-half to the bottle, and a good head of froth to be deducted from below the rim. And this represented sevenpence-halfpenny a time. I tried to pay a little more and obtain the bottle, but inscrutable custom still proffered me that three-part-filled glass, which certainly was not a profitable proposition from a thirst-quenching point of view.

At last I had found that a lemon squash came out fairly well for mere bulk, so I partook of acid enough at various times to have every joint rheumatic, at 15 cents or 7½d. a time. My new-found friend from over the border had a partiality for rye, with a touch of alkali. This cost him fifteen cents also. But we found that if we were just sociable-like we could have our two drinks for twenty-five cents ; so we formed a reciprocity pact right away.

We also found that a good steak for two landed us in 25 cents less than individual steaks, and that

surplus just squared the waiter. This went on very well until we got into another district, and there it was only 10 cents for the lemon and the rye was 15 cents ; and I began to reflect when he paid for one set of drinks and I the other, where the advantage of reciprocity came in. A little later it was my turn to score. We were out for a very long journey in a dry belt. There are various kinds of dry belts in Canada. Some are quite easy of irrigation ; as to the others, it takes a great deal of engineering skill to bring about the application of the desired moisture at the most desired moment.

My American friend felt cold and chilly when he struck one of the dry belts in Alberta. He declared that he had caught a chill in the Rockies and must warm himself up. The bar was very firm on hard drinks, but there were some soft ones available. The barman referred him to the chemist. No, the chemist could not supply the necessary blood circulator without a doctor's prescription. The doctor had to be found, and charged a dollar for his prescription of six ounces of whisky. The druggist further mulcted him in another half-dollar to make up that prescription, to be "immediately taken without being shaken," and then, to add insult to financial injury, the prescription was recorded in the poison book, and he had to sign for it before he got it. After he had gone through all this, I asked my friend whether it was not a rather expensive method of irrigating, especially as the chemist declared that he could

not renew the dose without another signed prescription.

On we hurried, across that vast prairie ; here and there a ranche with a big herd of cattle on it ; then the plough had done its work of preparation for the harrow and drill to follow. Now the self binder had been at work, and the vast plain was dotted with stooks of grain. On past towns to Tabar. Here was a row of houses, all severely alike, each without a flower or vegetable to relieve the monotony of appearance. Surely there must be something to account for this ? And then a colliery loomed up. Why is it that miners are so uniformly content to live in the non-picturesque, and evince no desire to improve on their surroundings, seemingly satisfied ever to tunnel beneath the surface of the earth and have above it just somewhere to sleep and eat ?

The train stops at Grassey Lake. A lively man stepped on board, and as the train moved forthwith proceeded to chat. There is none of that stiffishness so associated with English travel. Soon I learnt that at one time he was in the old country. Mr. Salvage, now the proud owner of the town site of Grassey Lake, at one time hailed from the rocky gorge at Cheddar. Oh, yes, he had a sister still at Cheddar and a brother at Priddy. He desired them to come out, but they would not. There was still land available round about there for farms, at from 15 dollars to 25 dollars per acre, and some of it that had

been broken was carrying crops of from 25 to 35 bushels per acre.

Just a peep at the Sweet Grass Hills of Montana.

Another farmer arrived, and the two started on a political discussion of reciprocity. One was for, the other against. And I left them to it. The evening was drawing to a close. A deep green field of flax stood out most vividly against the brown of the bald prairie. We then witnessed one of those magnificent prairie sunsets, the gorgeousness of which simply baffles description. As the sun sank, its rays fell on the windows of the settlers' shacks and houses and produced a very fine heliographic response, which revealed at a glance how well and evenly settled was that otherwise apparently unpeopled prairie.

As the blaze of molten glory sank in the West it was followed by a band of deepest purple. There is not, however, that dim twilight we know so well in September at home. Which could be thought the more beautiful—the sunrise amidst the icebergs off Newfoundland, when the bright light swelled into quivering flame, or the beautiful effect of the sun sinking to its rest in the West? Mere motions of the pen, mere words, cannot convey the indescribable beauty of either.

As we had neared Medicine Hat, I noticed that grain-growing had not yet eaten up the cattle-raisers' ranches. It has been my practice to travel by day when I could see the country, either for good or ill, and rest in the nearest available town at night, and

often make long runs by means of a rig—the liverymen must be making money in Canada—or else by automobile. There is a great difference between these two methods of progress. The rig limits the traveller to about a 30-mile scope, but the driver of that rig knows every trail, each quarter section, and everybody's business on it. How often both have been sold, *i.e.*, the quarter section and the man who purchased it, or else how money has been made in town sites ; and he doesn't know how many sections that fellow has about in different farms. He knows why one farmer keeps horses, another cattle, and he cannot think why more of them don't keep sheep. Surely the driver of a rig is a perfect mine of information, and at the close of the drive has a nice quarter section which, as the owner is going back for a home trip, can be bought right away cheap.

If you hire an automobile the cost is considerable, but the range is unlimited. You will find the chauffeur most non-communicative. The fact is, he durst not speak, so as to avoid the gopher holes, the washouts, the odd boulders, and the involuntary jumps that come his way, and experience has taught him that with such an existent state of affairs, it is best to keep one's tongue well within. So if you "auto" you have to rely on your own judgment as to the state of agriculture of the district where you are motoring.

But if you happen to be "in the know," you can obtain a motor ride and plenty of information very

cheaply. The method is as follows. Inquire at one town if there is any likely land about. Soon all the real estate men will be offering. Jot down the particulars, look wise, and say little. Now you have the material. At your next stop go to the second best hotel, stroll into the bar, enter into conversation with that nice fellow who is so willing to respond to the advances made, casually drop the word that you are looking round for a bit of something likely to live on and a bit to invest. Say no more, talk of other subjects, make inquiry as to the crops grown, how cold it is in winter. Be sure and don't ask how many degrees below zero the frost reaches, or as to whether the water supply is all right. These two questions are indicative of knowledge, and one must be green—quite tender—about the fact, or else the ride will not come off. Then yawn and be a bit tired. This gives the other the chance he desires. He disappears forthwith.

A quarter of an hour later a gentleman in motor costume comes in. Somehow he mentions that he was just going out to meet someone as regards the disposal of some real estate. A few minutes more your previous friend comes back, resumes conversation, and suddenly sees Mr. So-and-so. "Oh, I must introduce you to him. He's Have 'Em and Hold 'Em, a millionaire, got heaps of city property." An introduction takes place. The millionaire is quite affable. He deals principally in city lots. A few outside ones come in sometimes. Just had one yesterday; going out to look over it to-morrow.

If you would care to ride out in his motor, it will be a pleasure to him.

Well, next morning off you go. No you don't like that one. Yes, he has still another. It is wonderful what money has already been made from these sections, but something has caused previous owners to pull out. "Oh, prefer prairie!"—well, he has none, but his partner's brother has a few half sections. Now you must not be quite well pleased; you half like the land you were at the day before, but you are going to another town, mentioning it, before you return. Meantime, inquire as to the return on investments; mention 6,000 dollars to 8,000 dollars.

At the next town your description has preceded you. There are some individuals that do happen to fall across you with the very thing that you wanted at the last place of call. Oh, yes, a motor drive is quite in order. This ticket is good for three days' work. But it just shows the main wires of the meshes that go to make the real estate net.

But I was diverging. This was just an incidental conversation that I had when approaching Medicine Hat, the city of continuous light, where the avocation of lamplighter is unknown, although the city is lit with gas. Man had but to tap Nature's gasometer and the supply came so cheaply that the cost is less to allow the street lamps to burn all day than to employ a man to extinguish and relight them. But it certainly did away with dawn and twilight, and after that the dark.

Here I had a capital chance to compare the market values of fruit as drawn from eastern and western Canada, with the result that I could purchase western fruit cheaper this side of the Rockies than I could where it was grown. There is abundance of corn land around Medicine Hat. On the train again, in the morning, to the East. It was practically all unbroken prairie, and here, for the first time in my tour, I saw two really representative flocks of sheep, some hundreds in number in each.

At Swift Current the train did not stop sufficiently long for me to complete a deal with two Cree Indian squaws for a set of polished buffalo horns. A few years ago it was easy to get such specimens from the Indians, but it is more difficult now. For one thing, the raw material, the horns, are practically exhausted, and for another the Indian squaws do not believe in working so hard for their chiefs and masters as they formerly did. Buffalo horns are black when polished and have a curve all their own. Many of those which travellers bring away are grey at the base, and are obtained from either a Shorthorn or Hereford head. Those who would buy beaded moccasins or gloves begin to think how the Indians must have progressed in the arts of peace sufficiently to use a sewing machine and waxed thread.

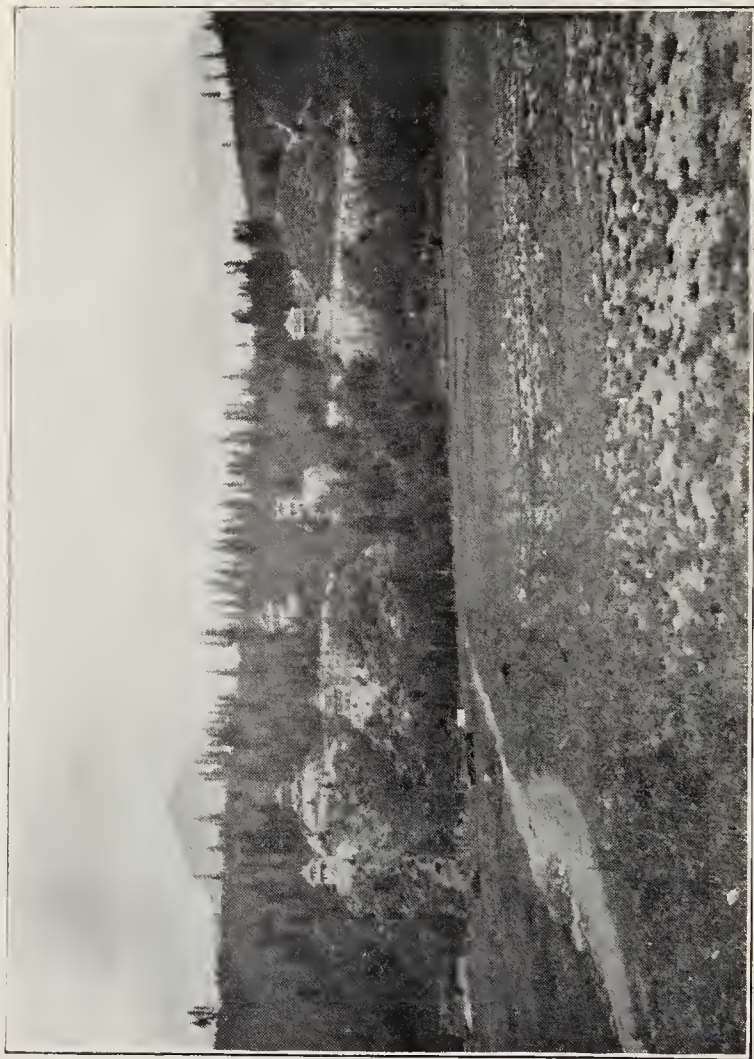
Canada has now very little to offer the souvenir hunter. I have only run across one old curiosity shop, some distance up—on Vancouver Island. But the Canadians are at least honest in some of the

souvenirs they sell. Thus I was almost enamoured enough to invest in a city plate, with the town arms on it, when I turned it over, as any connoisseur would, for the marks, and found them to be "Made in England." Somehow, I was not patriotic enough to invest in that plate and bring it back again. So the train hurried me away from my last chance of a true Red Indian-souvenir.

Now began a sight that no Englishman can realise unless he goes to Canada to see it—that is, the immensity of the grain belt of Canada and the quantity of grain that grows thereon. As far as the eye could reach, right away to the horizon, there was nothing to be seen but stooks of golden grain. It was marvellous that such an immense area could have been cut and got ready for the thresher in the time. The nearer I got towards Winnipeg the more forward the crop. There were threshing machines everywhere, but not a single English agricultural implement did I see in the whole of my trip through Canada. They were all either Canadian or American. What an immense field there must be for those makers who do supply the Canadian farmers with the implements with which to reap their harvest.



Lake Louise in the Rockies.



Edelweiss, a village for Swiss Guides in the Rockies, at Golden, B.C.

CHAPTER XIII.

Prairie Views. Regina. Publicity Officers. The Poll Tax. Indian Head. Broadview. The Forestry Farm. Leaving. the Prairies—Winnipeg to Chicago. Studying Reciprocity.

How different is travel in the train on the prairie from that at home ! Here in that long, open-seated car one could easily pick out travellers who had journeyed far, or notice the new-comers who stepped on at each train stop. The smoking-room at the end of the car was always open for conversation, and it was wonderful what vast sources of information were thus opened up under the curling graces of my Lady Nicotine. In the big carriage the bronzed youngsters ran up and down, and made many friends. Somehow 15 cents went out for a box of chocolates, and that lonely settler from over yonder gave them to the curly-headed youngster. Is it the air that accounts for the contrast ? In England if a proud young mamma takes her seat in a railway carriage it is a pretty sure sign that there is to be a howling match, with a rapid exit on the part of the other passengers. But somehow these Canadian youngsters are not constructed so much in the squalling line. So everyone pets baby and does not bolt.

In the meantime we were rushing through the wheat belt. Fancy anyone in England taking a journey from Devonshire to Northumberland and seeing nothing but wheat, most of it cut and in stook, and then fading away into the distant horizon on either side as far as the eye can reach. The crops varied as to yield, but it was wheat, wheat, nothing but wheat; and here was undoubtedly the foundation for those most uninviting elevators, of the greatest possible utility, seen at each station. Thus I moved on past Moose Jaw, and came on to Regina. Fortune favoured me, as I was enabled to secure the last bed in the hotel. Next morning I was astir early, and had a look around the capital of the Province of Saskatchewan. The Canadian Pacific Railway has been determined to put in a bit of special work, as it runs for ninety-eight miles in an absolutely straight line. What a pity it could not have run a couple more miles.

Throughout Canada I was favoured with a large amount of information from public officials—publicity officers or secretaries of the various Boards of Trade—which was of the greatest utility. On every point connected with their town or province they know their subject thoroughly, and have brought to a fine art the manner of bringing out their town as the very best. Possibly they would still further increase their influence by somewhat wider knowledge of English trade, commercial customs, and the various centres of distribution. This would widen

Canada out immensely. Mr. Burdett explained that the Governor's carriage was not available, as Mr. Riseley, of Bristol, was to be the guest of the Governor, and the carriage must be kept in readiness. Soon I was being run around town in a motor, and saw what an immense trade must be done in the distribution of agricultural machinery. The number of threshing plants was simply amazing. As to the necessity of these, had I not seen the immense wheat belt in which they were destined to work.

We passed on to the head-quarters of the North-West Mounted Police, and I was privileged with an introduction to Commissioner Parry, a veteran who has faced rolling prairies when they were not peopled as they are now. He had come over to the Coronation, and brought some sixty of the best horses of the police. He had carefully taken them back again. Then he referred to the loneliness of England. If he travelled in a railway carriage, no one was inclined to talk. He was on the visitors' list of several clubs. He walked in, sat down, read the papers, lounged round. No one seemed inclined to chum up. There was no possibility of making friends, and he believed that this was due to the fact that the English could not, or did not, distinguish Canadians from Americans. In the motor once more to see the immense sewerage scheme Regina is carrying out. How sensible to look after this, even if it does cost money, and secure the health

of the community! Certainly such works must be regarded as a sign of true progress.

Back to the hotel. A cheery voice: "Well, I never: how's Bedminster Down?" "Oh, yes. I have seen you driving down over it many a time. My name is Ablett. I was in the Bedminster police force then."

He wore the uniform of the police of Regina, and his presence seemed to have a most disconcerting effect on the younger members of the hotel staff. What was the matter? He was just collecting the Poll Tax. This means that the irresponsible individual who in the Old Country can put his hat on his head and walk without doing his duty to the community, cannot follow the same policy in Canada. Anyone who has been resident in Canada for two months, and has not started housekeeping, has to pay the sum of three dollars towards the rates.

First of all a raid was made on the bar. No, John Jones was not there. William Thomas was, but he was so mighty hard up that he only had 50 cents in his pocket. Timothy Tite roundly declared that he would pull out at once rather than pay the very unjust demand. Sam Slick had purchased two town lots. He was therefore exempt. Richard Willing said it had got to be paid; might as well pay at once, and he did. The raid continued downstairs. Even the offer of a succulent steak by the chef was of no avail to the insatiable

appetite of the collector of three dollars or nothing, with a Bristol eye for what assistants were about.

Then the proprietor had to show his books as to whom he employed, and how long they had been with him. This, of course, he willingly did, as his contribution to the rates was some 1,400 dollars a year, and of course such outside contributions helped to lessen the demands.

An early morning start. Once more on the prairie. The land is a bit earlier here, and the threshing machines are at full work. They are driven by petrol motor engines or straw-burning traction engines. The western machine is very different from our English makes, being much smaller and lighter. There is no care for the straw, which is beaten into a veritable chaff, and blown out of the thresher by means of a fan through a long tube. Afterwards the straw is set on fire, a most wasteful process. The stubble is also burnt off. The thresher is taken into the field, and the wheat carted to it direct from the stook. Only a few wheat ricks were being made up. I noticed that the sparrow has already begun to make a home in Canada, and might become a nuisance if not kept in check.

Arrived at Indian Head, I made my way to the Government Experimental Farm, and hunted up the superintendent, Mr. Angus Mackay, saying I had come to see his farm if he would show it to me. He turned round promptly, bade me follow him upstairs until he reached a turret fitted with louvre

boards through which the wind whistled and sang. He showed me the farm all nicely laid out, well sheltered by bands of trees, the fine view just finished off by a row of grain elevators some thirty miles distant. That keen Scotch eye was upon me. Was I going to wince? No, sir. The initiation test was satisfactory. I descended to find one of the most genial and intelligent men that it would be possible to find. Mr. Mackay showed me everything that he could, and he had something to show.

Here were carried out the tests as to what would grow at high altitudes—shrubs and trees, flowers and vegetables; the endeavour to produce a hardy apple by crossing the Siberian crab, hardly bigger than a good-sized English haw. I noticed the bunches of adventitious growth at the base of the apple stocks. Soon I was to be enlightened. The great ideal is to ripen the shoots of the trees to enable them to become hard and bear the winter. If left clean the shoots grow most rapidly and fail to ripen; but this growth at the bottom takes up a portion of the sap supply, and in consequence the branches above and the shoots thereon become much harder. There was a kind of native plum that was carrying good fruit, but it was of the pie-making kind. As to wheat, it had been found that Marquis ripened a full week earlier than Red Fife, and that the most satisfactory oat was the Banner.

Mr. Mackay's study was a perfect agricultural and educational exhibition in itself. No young

farmer could possibly spend an hour therein without being greatly educated, and many a weary day's labour and ill results to follow might be obviated by a visit. Herein lies the true educational value of Canada's Experimental Farm.

This was situate some distance out, so I determined to walk across a huge wheat field on my way thither. This crop had been somewhat affected by frost as well as rust, but the latter had evidently done the more damage. But what was most striking was the entire absence of weeds ; here were hundreds of acres of land without a weed on it. Numerous self binders, each with four horses attached, were at work. I then had a curious experience. A strong wind was blowing ; suddenly it took on a cyclonic action, and in crossing a piece of summer fallow soon became a dust storm in earnest. The minute particles of soil in the air filled the eyes, mouth, clothes, everything ; one could hardly breathe, and even covering the head with a stook of wheat afforded only partial relief. Happily this did not last long, but in the meantime I had had quite a sufficiency, and so hastened across to the Forestry Farm.

Here I found the superintendent to be Mr. N. M. Ross, an old Clifton boy. Soon I was busy. This farm was all prairie sod in 1904 ; now it had willow hedges fully 18 feet high and shelter rows of poplars from 20 to 25 feet high. It only went to show what might be done on the prairies, with intelligent management, to shelter the homesteads and gardens.

This farm is treated as a nursery to grow shelter trees, which are sent free to farmers who care to make application for them. Some 2,700,000 young trees were available for distribution. Each farmer obtains about 700 of yearling maples and two-year-old ash. If he tends these well, he can get more ; if he allows them to die, then no more. Spruce and pines are sold at a dollar per hundred to farmers. In going through the nurseries I was much surprised at the great growth made by the maples from the seed in a single year. The conifers were raised in seed beds in the usual way, the growth of these being much slower. A very efficient method of protection in the planted-out beds was formed of rows of sunflowers. This prevented too much scorching from the sun in summer, and when cut off, leaving about three feet of stalk, these held the snow and thus prevented the beds from exposure in the winter. It was curious to note how the pines turned yellow and died when there was alkali in the soil, whilst spruces appeared to thrive on it.

A most ingenious method was adopted for extracting the seed from the cones—a combination of a hot-air apparatus and sun exposure in a glass house. The cones were kept in this at a temperature of 180 degrees Fahr. An arboretum was also formed in 44 feet squares, to show the habit and rate of growth of various trees. There are some 480 acres on this Forestry Farm. The value of shelter was shown by the splendid onions and other vegetables, asparagus thriving exceedingly well.

Catching the evening train, I went on to the little town of Broadview, thinking that I might obtain a little more insight into prairie life. Well, I did. The hotels were not nearly large enough, and I must have had a prairie night had not one of them had as proprietor Mr. T. Collins, late of Chippenham. At one time this district was noted for its big Indian reserve; but these, like the white men, have gone north. There was a very fine view of a lake, and all the shrubs on the prairies had donned the golden tints of autumn.

Next morning on rail again, and here it was quite easy to see the farmers had planted tree screens around their buildings, which were dotted about, and very much resembled a Friesland landscape. Harvest and threshing were proceeding apace. I had another stop at Brandon to see the Experimental Farm. There is also an Agricultural School. It appeared to be a fairly substantial town.

In the train, and from there to Winnipeg. There was a large tract of country that had been cut for hay. Huge oblong ricks of this were scattered about the prairie, particularly where the rich grass grew luxuriantly on the sloes. By-the-by, though I saw many thousands of hayricks, I did not see one that had been thatched. Evidently the art and craft of the thatcher are as yet unknown in Canada.

Once more the evidences of approach to a big city, and I was in Winnipeg. Again the old Bristol boys, headed by Mr. Alf. Gordon, turned out for a greeting.

As we strolled up through Main Street I noticed in a fruiterer's window, "English hot-house grapes," and really good ones they were. This made me curious as to what English goods were getting into this city of the prairies. I turned into a draper's, Mr. Robinson's, and he most kindly pointed out that all the best cottons, prints, and flannelettes came from England, and singularly enough that the suitings most in request were West of England cloths. The best pottery came from England. In fact, I was astonished to see the quantity of English goods stocked.

At this time politics were running high, and I saw an opportunity for studying them across the border. So I took ticket for a thousand-mile trip down to Chicago. Whilst on the train I received a visit from a United States immigration officer. I had to fill up a form giving many particulars, and had to produce something in the financial way, denoting my ability to pay my way whilst in Uncle Sam's territory.

My first step off was in the flour towns of Minneapolis and St. Paul. Here there was ample evidence of American push in the commercial line. One could get souvenirs and tourist trophies at considerably less rates than in Canada, and a really thirst-quenching glass of beer for five cents. True, it was of the very mild kind, yet it was drinkable. What a number of flour mills there are to be seen in these twin towns on the banks of the flowing Mississippi, and how those millers would like the Manitoba

No. 1 hard to mix with the softer wheats of the States! Immense shops, or, as they are termed, stores, lined the streets.

Whilst here, of course, it would not do to miss the celebrated waterfall Minnehaha, or the laughing waters of the Indians. Oh, beauteous spot! Never was name more fittingly bestowed. From a ledge of rock flowed over a stream of limpid crystal, breaking into a misty bridal veil, through which the green lichens on the rocks behind might be seen. Down fall those laughing waters, and the sun just kisses them ere they dash on those hard rocks beneath and are churned into foaming spray or bubble for awhile, and then go leaping in the miniature torrent bed into the richly-wooded gorge below, now fast assuming its autumnal tints.

In the park near by were huge beds of most brilliant cannas, some of them fully seven feet high. Next also a zoological garden, living eagles being perched on poles carrying the Stars and Stripes.

Away from such calm pastoral scenes to resume my trip to Chicago. How different the character of the country! There was something of an English aspect about it, particularly as regards the numerous herds of dairy cattle. Only in England we do not see such a mixture of breeds. Here there were Holsteins and Jerseys. A shrewd farmer happened to be my seat companion. Commenting on the variety of breeds and the practical impossibility of distinguishing the original, he said it was easy

to tell which was which by the milk-pail and dollar test.

The procedure was this. Get a new dollar, put it in the bottom of the pail. If after milking the cow the inscription on the dollar was visible, the cow was of Holstein breed. If, on the other hand, there was not sufficient milk to cover the dollar, the inference was that it was a Jersey. Having thanked him for the information, I looked out at the big fields of maize, each stalk carrying its heavy corn cob. It was just breakfast time when the train hurried us into Chicago.

Having solved the problem of transference of baggage, I thought that I would hunt up Mr. Vanderhoof, who it will be remembered visited the West of England last year. With Mr. Kester and Mr. C. F. Kennedy, he showed me Chicago as it is to-day. First I was introduced to the skyscrapers in the Loop, an overhead street railway, terrible in its ugliness, and a blot on what would otherwise be some very fine streets in Chicago. I was put into an express elevator, and was not sure whether the soles of my boots had followed me in that whisk upwards. I preferred to come down more slowly, but it was quite fast enough. Then I was taken right on top of one of the skyscrapers, that very fine building of the Chicago Athletic Club, with all its arrangements for sport and comfort.

What a pity it is that the smoke from these railway engines puts such a blur on the otherwise very fine

outlook on Lake Michigan, on the placid waters of which yachts lay with their white wings, or big steamers ploughed their way.

Hurrying off to the stockyards, I must admit I was much disappointed with the general poorness of the store cattle, the milch cattle in particular, and there is evidently not any Board of Agriculture to insist on model rules for stockyard or cattle market building. Strength was evidently the idea, to restrain the mobs of half-wild cattle. Soon I was to see the big establishment of Messrs. Armour, where 3,500 cattle a day can be killed, or roughly a bullock every ten seconds. This does not imply that a bullock is alive at one end and in the freezing room at the other, all dressed in ten seconds. Even under pressure conditions it takes about an hour to go round. I particularly noticed the rigid Government inspection, more so as regards tuberculosis.

With regard to pigs, it was remarkable to see them on the wheels at one end, and soon silent and in their hot bath, moving on to a machine which scraped them as they came at the other end. A quick cut, and the head was severed. The travelling platform carried it on to a Government veterinary inspector who made a cut into the glands under the throat. A tag was put on. That carcass had to go for special examination. Thus at each process the vet. has his particular part to look for. It was wonderfully rapid and effective. Then the carcass was looked

over by specialists. If the tuberculosis was generalised, it went to be cremated ; if localised, this was removed.

What a splendid lot of beef ! But somehow I did not consider the mutton and lambs up to English standard. There was some very fine pork, and it was interesting to hear that the champion pig at the last Chicago show was condemned, on slaughter, for tuberculosis. This method of Government meat examination certainly impressed me.

For a change I had a motor spin through the fine parks of Chicago, where the special police are mounted on motor-bikes to overtake over-speed-limit motors. There were the old model ships of Christopher Columbus which excited such attention at the World's Fair. Back into the city once more, to notice in one of the large draper's windows several pieces of cloth with a card on them reading as follows : " West of England embroidered suitings. Sponged and shrunk." Good things are appreciated in America. A glance around Chinatown at night. Of course, no one should visit Chicago without dining at the Hotel Salle ; and then, towards midnight, I once again got on the train to see just a little more of the U.S.A.

CHAPTER XIV.

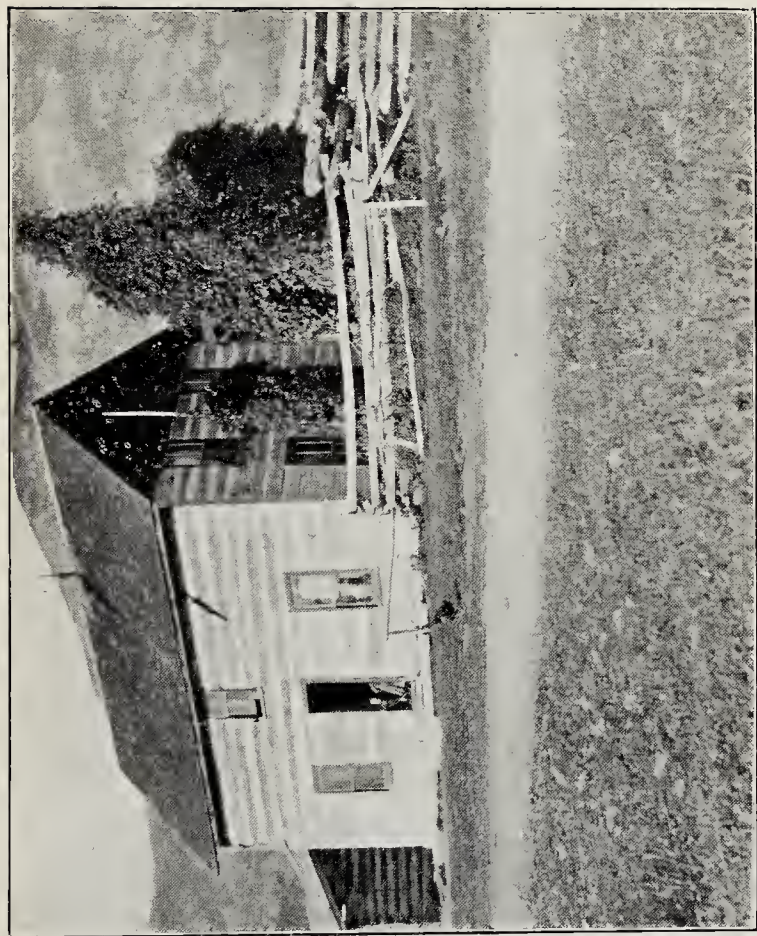
Detroit—and after. Back in Canada. Montreal on Election Day. Quebec. Record Passage. Just what I think at home. A few Impressions. Mixed Farming. The requirements of Canada. Many thanks.

WHILST in Chicago I had to send some letters. No American ever writes a letter if he can find anyone to whom he can dictate it, and in consequence in every hotel is a public stenographer, a practice which I think might well be adopted in many of our English hotels. A business man kindly lent me the services of his staff, and it was interesting to note the various nationalities of the typists. The girls had very sensible pencil-holders by sticking them into their hair, whilst mere man has either to put it over his ear or in his waistcoat pocket. The luggage system of checking is very fine, and saves a great deal of trouble, provided that the luggage is not wanted in a hurry on arrival; if you do, of a certainty you won't catch a five minutes' connection. It was a very fine sight to see the sky-scrapers illuminated at night, and also the window lights of the various stores kept aglow. This made the streets very attractive after business hours.

I was making my way to the Great National Fair at Detroit, and passing through what was evidently an older country. Many of the farms had quite an English aspect, barring the fences. Here the corn or maize crop had been allowed to ripen, and a very pretty sight it made with the big cobs; but I was informed that many farmers would not ripen the corn, as the work in connection with "husking" is great, and it has been found that cutting the maize and storing it in a silo turns out a splendid feed for cattle, and they do not appear to suffer from some of the ills that attend the use of green maize in England. There were cattle to be seen everywhere, in great contrast to the vast expanse of cattleless land seen in Canada.

Arrived at Detroit, I made a tour of the town. One notice—outside a grocer's shop—was that butter had been advanced to 25 cents a lb., cheese was 17 cents, and lard 10 to 13 cents a lb., which, despite the so-called dearness of living in the States, was cheaper than these commodities were in England at the same period of time. There was a pleasing hustle of business, and it cannot be said that street-car travel was dear when it cost only 2½d. to go from the centre of the town eight miles out to the show. It was evident that motor-car building is one of the big industries of Detroit, some of the car works being very fine.

The show was a large affair, and there was a big crowd present to hear President Taft, whose voice



Hops growing house-high in the Columbia Valley, B.C.



Clearing land for polo ground in the Columbia Valley.

reaches even those at a distance. As to the show, there were some of the best Shorthorns that I have seen whilst on this side of the Atlantic. But dairy cattle did not come up to quite the same standard. It is clear that the French breed of heavy horses, the Percherons, are the U.S.A. favourites. I was rather struck with the useful pigs, the Duroc Jerseys; these must evidently be rapid fatteners.

A magnificent show of fruit, grain, and corn, the varieties of the latter, particularly the edible ones, being very numerous; and fresh corn cobs constitute a very nice dish indeed, and a very popular one both in Canada and the States. The exhibits sent in by the Michigan Agricultural College were educational, and capitally set up. It was a very fine show indeed, and I was pleased to have been able to find time to visit it.

On the train again. Not far to go, however, before I was reminded of travelling in Denmark, as the train was promptly run on a big ferry; and as we passed across the Detroit River, a marvellously busy one, and carrying a huge burden of traffic from the big lakes, an old customs officer, after satisfying himself as to the bona fides of our bag before we again set foot on Canadian soil, kindly acted the part of showman and pointed out the objects of interest—told me how the ice had to be broken during the winter months, how hard-working artisans had come over from England and made money, and thought that the Canadian Government label denoting the

age of the whisky in the bottle was a great improvement on Old Country methods. You see, he remarked, the consumer gets the right stuff and the Government the right money, and I came to the conclusion, on this question of Government labelling the bottle, that there must be something in it.

Whilst sorry for the Government, yet glad for the benefit of the country, I heard that having regard to the increase of the population of Canada the consumption of spirits was on the decline. This confirmed my opinion, previously formed, that Canada wants something to drink rather than to be stimulated. The manufacturer of a light, pleasant beverage, such as cider, who sold it at a reasonable rate, would be a national benefactor, and his banking account would soon assume investment proportions. Having landed at Windsor, I was in Canada again.

Here the machines were busy cutting the maize crops, and the tops of the stalks were up over the horses' backs. The Hungarian practice of growing vegetable marrows in the rows was much practised. In England we do not often see tomatoes cultivated by acres in the open, and some heavy crops were grown. But the Canadian tomato is a huge article. It lacks the beautiful colour and the aroma so associated with the Guernsey glass-house, but occupies a very prominent and healthful position in Canadian summer dietary.

At London I saw a good old-fashioned game of bowls in progress. Once more back through the

settled district to Toronto. How delightful was the aroma of the peaches in the fruiterers' shops, and at a penny each they were about the cheapest fruit that one could buy. Having secured a bag of these, I went back to take up my berth in a sleeper. By this time I had learnt that though there was a certain financial saving by booking an upper, still the extra cost was outweighed by the comfort of the lower, considering the necessity for climbing down in the morning. Still the occupancy of a Canadian sleeping-car recalls the bathing at certain continental fashionable seaside resorts—just a bit mixed. The extended use of the compartment system would certainly be more appreciated by European tourists, a traffic for which Canadian railways will have to especially cater in the near future. It is not difficult to sleep in a Canadian sleeper, and when I awoke I was at Ottawa.

Soon I was with Mr. J. A. Ruddick, Dairy and Cold Storage Commissioner for Canada. We had met before in old Zummerzett, and I had showed him our apples and allowed him to sample some real cider. He promptly retaliated by offering me a peach nearly as big as my fist. My last two handkerchiefs were nearly spoilt in the endeavour to clear off the juice that went the way that I had not intended, about my face.

“What do you think of that one?”

“Think! Can't you send me along a case of them to Bristol?”

"Oh, that trade is coming all right. Going to have a look round?"

"That's what I came for."

"Half a minute. I just want to put this last book of mine in shape for distribution. Here's an early copy."

It was on *The Dairying Industry of Canada*. But as I had decided to ignore guide books and publications on my trip of inquiry, I am not going to refer yet to the contents of that book.

Like a good and genial Canadian, Mr. Ruddick took me to view the Parliament buildings, and to enjoy the magnificent view therefrom. The maples were just taking on their fires of autumn, a blaze once seen never to be forgotten. It is one of those things that help the visitor to remember that Canada is Canada. Then off he hurried me to the Government experimental farm. Mr. Grimsdale, the director, joined us, and together they showed me how Canada's agriculture is encouraged from an experimental point of view. This farm is not a residential educational institute, but rather appears to be designed to educate the various professors in hitherto unknown details, so that in turn they can diffuse the knowledge so obtained for the benefit of the Canadian farmers in general.

I saw one sow that I did not like, as it was hardly up to the merit to be expected on an experimental farm. I was soon disillusioned on this point, and shown some really good ones of the Yorkshire breed.

The sows, some fifty in number, are kept out in colony houses on alfalfa and other green stuff. The maize crop had been badly cut by the frost, but they were hurrying it to the silo.

There were a couple of pens of excellent steers, one of which would surprise English exhibitors at the Christmas fat stock shows. As showing the cost of cultivation, Mr. Grimsdale pointed out a single furrow plough which worked at a cost of three dollars per acre, a two-furrow plough which cost two dollars, and a machine-drawn plough of five furrows working at a cost of one dollar per acre. This explained why so many of the prairie farmers used mechanical rather than horse tackle. Then I started eastward to reach Montreal on election day.

Though much fuss was made as to Reciprocity or otherwise, a stranger would never have dreamed that an election was in progress unless he had made inquiry as to the reason why all the public-houses had been closed. Towards evening one began to realise what Canada meant as regards the extent of its territory and the time the sun shines on it. Though the elections were held on one day—a splendid plan, and one which does not incommode business—owing to the difference in time the eastern polls were declared before the western ones were closed. It was said that there was to be some excitement in the evening, but not even election results and lantern slides can hold a Canadian crowd, any more

than an English crowd, when the rain comes down. Once again on the train.

Out in the country. Autumn in earnest, the maples like flames of fire in the woods. I was seeing my second autumn. Soon it was evident that I was in a district where older systems of agriculture prevailed. The houses were of the French-Canadian type, that is, more verandah and balcony than is seen in France. The farming was not high class, but the Quebec Jersey cattle were more numerous, though there were apparently not any large herds of them.

Arrived at Quebec, I took the best method of seeing the town. That was by means of the street car lines sight-seeing car. For the round trip this cost fifty cents, and a conductor who shouts through a megaphone tells of anything interesting. It was evidently a case of quite as narrow streets as in Cornwall.

Up we climbed to see the Plains of Abraham. I had expected to see a vast, rolling, prairie-like tableland on the top of the cliffs, but here all that was left was a small narrow paddock. The enterprising builders have enclosed so much. There were public buildings, convents, churches, and irregular streets, and the noble St. Lawrence all spread out as we stood and enjoyed the magnificent prospect from the Dufferin Terrace at the Château Frontenac. Down beside the quay lay that big liner that was to take me back to England, and near the station I got

into a 'bus with allegorical painting *à la Cipriani* on the panels. Fancy seeing such in matter-of-fact, up-to-date Canada.

Down to the quay. Here the merchandise was still being poured into the hull of that giant vessel the *Empress of Ireland*. On also was going its living freight. About half-past four she cast off, and soon was gliding down the St. Lawrence. How beautiful that river ! A friend of someone on board fired a salute from the shore. Evening and sunset, such an one as we only see in Turner's pictures. Did Turner ever visit the St. Lawrence ? One must nearly think that he at some time did to obtain his realistic inspiration.

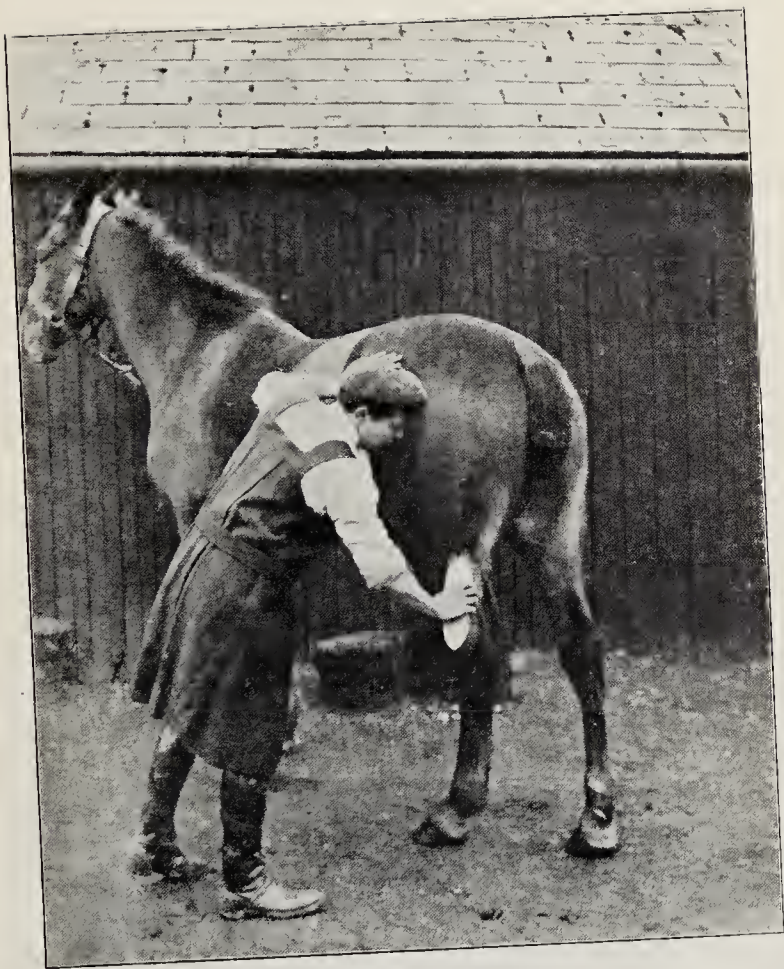
Dinner. Brother Scot turned up again. Now for an exchange of experiences. "Who is that lady ?" "Don't you know ? Why that's Doctor Marie Stopes, the well-known scientist. Heard down in the States that her husband, Professor Gates, was likely to come to Bristol University." It is really wonderful whom one meets on an Atlantic liner. It was morning ; we were making fine time. A glance at the fore-deck. How different from what it was coming out. Now the passengers were nearly all men of various European nationalities. Were they going back for their wives and sweethearts to bring them back to Canada's land ?

Three days out it was very evident something was up. The chief engineer was hustling round. A big beam sea kept hammering at the side of the ship,

but on she went as smoothly as a duck with an inclination and desire to right itself. How wonderful it is that man can find his sea legs so soon! Two of Bristol's sons were caring for us. One was Mr. V. R. O'Reilly, R.N.R., the chief officer, an old Colston boy, and he also knew what it was to learn his lessons by close application beneath Redcliff bells. The fourth officer was Mr. E. W. Matthews, from Yate.

We learnt that we were likely to make a record passage from Canada. Ireland was sighted early. How close we came to the shore. We could see the green, grassy slopes, the sheep dotted on them. On speeded the good liner. Then Scotland opened up. The Mull of Galloway, on past the Isle of Man. Should we be napped at the bar? A half hour late would do the business. All were on tension. A notice was put up that probably we should land at nine o'clock that evening. What a hunting of time tables, of fitting connections. Enthusiasm prevailed. One passenger proposed a petition to the captain not to land us. He discreetly retired below. What anxiety! The pilot a few minutes late at the bar. Should we cross after striving so far?

Before ten o'clock there were scurrying feet on the gangways, hurrying feet on the landing stage. Baggage came off with the rapidity of an aeroplane. The Customs knew that we could not smuggle much from Canada with monetary gain, so they opened



A Batchelor Girl as Settler.
(Miss Jack May.)



Offices of the "Western Daily Press," Bristol.

one or two bags and chalked the others for transference to the train.

At 11.30 I drew out from Birkenhead. The G.W.R. official had got me, baggage and all, across in record time. At 5.15 a.m. a member of the Joint Station staff woke a tired traveller at Temple Meads to tell him that cob and someone else were waiting to take him home to breakfast in dear old Somerset, to be the first traveller who had partaken of his tea in Quebec on a Friday afternoon and his breakfast on the following Friday morning in Somerset, via Liverpool. I felt just a wee bit proud at being able to do this, so I got a track chart of this record passage.

S.S. *Empress of Ireland*. Voyage No. 63. East, from Quebec to Liverpool. Sailed September 22nd, 4.10 p.m., 1911. Arrived September 28th, 8.30 p.m., 1911. Five days, twenty hours, forty minutes. Difference of time, five hours. Encountered fresh to strong westerly winds ; generally fine throughout. Moderate to rough seas.

I have given some fleeting impressions of what I saw and heard in the course of my trip in Canada and the United States, in which over 16,000 miles were covered in sixty-three days, doing everything first class, at a cost of a few shillings short of £150. I could have done it cheaper by restricting travel to beaten tracks, by not indulging in fishing expeditions and such-like, but had decided to see Canada without banquets, without official guides or recep-

tions ; and trust that those who have perused my notes, written hurriedly in all sorts of places, will think that I saw a little of Canada, a country so vast that no stay-at-home Englishman can realise its true size and importance until he pays a visit to it. Amongst many things the following impressed me most :—

What do I think of Canada ? I cannot do otherwise than consider Canada as a country of immense possibility, if that possibility be allowed to develop as it should. Of the eastern portion there is little to say, as there the civilisation as represented by its farming is of the old type. But of Canada, Winnipeg and beyond ? What a home there is for some, but “ the some ” will have to be of the right sort. Canada affords no home for the lazy one ; it does not want such, and now will not take them. What Canada requires is the class required at home, and these will become ever increasingly difficult to get, that is young men versed in the knowledge of agriculture, and prepared to work and utilise that knowledge.

If Canada gets one of these men to settle he becomes a settler indeed, and often a farmer as well, instead of a mere robber of the soil as, unhappily, many of the farmers now are. These men have worked out their farms elsewhere, and come to despoil the virgin fertility of Canada’s soil. What else can it mean when the prairie land is broken by mechanical tackle, the grain, when threshed, sold

for export, the straw and stubble burnt, and neither animal nor chemical fertilisers returned to the soil or even the stubble ploughed in? If a frost comes, or if the season should be late, as this year, the crop is mere waste, whereas it might be very profitably turned to account if mixed farming were practised.

The young settler has to pay much more now for his land than the old settler had. There is also a desire to grasp too much. A man with sufficient capital to work 160 acres desires a half-section of 340 acres, and the holder of 340 acres wishes to double his. Then a group of capitalists buy up a lot of land. And all this tends to increase the cost to an incoming settler, who, after all, is the bringer-in of true wealth, for the settlers not only provide bone and muscle, but also the coin, for very few come empty-handed, and this wealth remains in Canada. Hitherto, as regards agriculture, this has been mainly directed to the growing of wheat, as following the line of least resistance, the labour problem being the difficulty as regards other kinds of farming; but now more labour is becoming available.

I am thoroughly convinced that mixed farming must be the farming of the future, and the sooner Canada prepares for it the better. At the present moment Canada is terribly deficient in dairy cattle, or the cattle to breed dairy cattle; hence it must import them from somewhere, and that somewhere should be England. At present far too much Scotch

blood has been imported for the Shorthorns to be milky ones. If a settler goes out, he has the greatest difficulty in purchasing any milch cattle approaching those he left at home ; in fact, if I were going to Canada to-morrow to settle, I would book my passage, go over and keep my money in my pocket, and even add to it by the labour of my hands. I would be a working casual, moving on until I found something likely to suit me as a future home, then find out all about it and secure it.

Next I should run up a shack, provide shelter for some cattle, and then those at home should come out and bring out half a dozen good heifers, a bull, half a score of sheep, and a boar and few gilts, and some good poultry. These could be bought right in England. The freight for settlers' effects is not absolutely ruinous, and there would be money in them when landed the other side.

Such settlers should receive exceptional treatment from the Canadian Government and the shipping companies. Implements or tools should not be taken. The English makers so far have not studied Canadian requirements in this direction ; indeed, they should increase their trade, especially in threshing machines and ploughs. I may safely say that I saw thousands of both, and not an English-made one amongst them. The American machines were there, and they have a higher duty to pay. All this points to the necessity for the study of Canada by Englishmen.

Unhappily, many of us have been inclined to consider Canada as the land of the "Woolly and Wild West," where the conditions of life were far from being of the best. In some parts hard work, hard living, and hard cash, as represented by the paper dollar, are undeniably associated; but the dollar comes to no one in Canada without hard work, except to the real estate men, and the principles of economics or nature's law would soon apply to these were there not a growing and continuous demand for the land.

Whenever a gardener has a fine fruit tree he knows that there are many parasites ever ready to fasten on to it. The intending settler should beware of all those who would deal similarly with him. On this side we are apt to hear of the men who have done exceptionally well or very badly, but do not learn quite so much of those who have gone out and are sending back the passage money for brother or sister, and finally for parents, and yet it is on these more than on the money investor or speculator that Canada's future will undoubtedly be built up.

Canada has magnificent raw material. Let her hasten to make the most of it, instead of wasting two-thirds of her agricultural production as at present. She wants quick-moving, clean-legged, heavy horses, with plenty of lung room. She has unlimited scope for real dairy cattle. Whether she has solved the problem of the right breed of sheep

remains to be seen, but she could do with many more of them.

Where dairy cattle are kept pigs must follow. The poultry industry is in its infancy. All the stud stock can be supplied from England; but Canada will want the right pedigree stock, and must be prepared to pay for it. I must say that many of the so-called imported stock that I saw, and the descendants from such, were not greatly to the credit of some of the original breeders or much to the benefit of Canada. Now it will be seen what vast possibilities there are before the agriculturists of the Mother Country and the younger one for an interchange of commodities.

In slowing up my pen ere its work is done, I should like to thank all those Canadians and citizens of the United States for their kindly help and ready courtesies, which made my trip of investigation one not only of education but of the greatest pleasure as well.

THE END.



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